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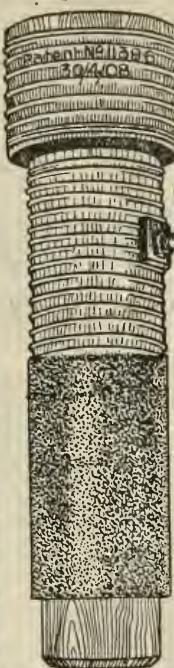
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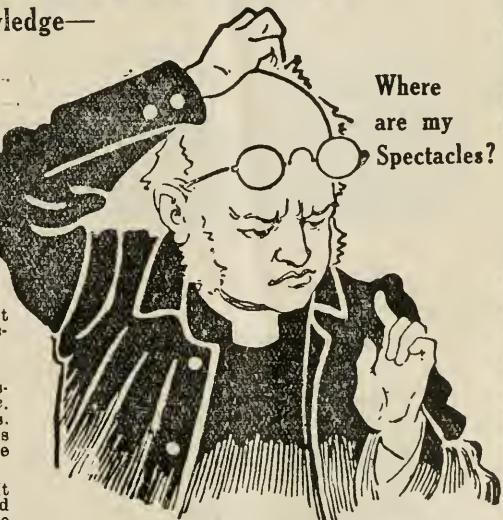
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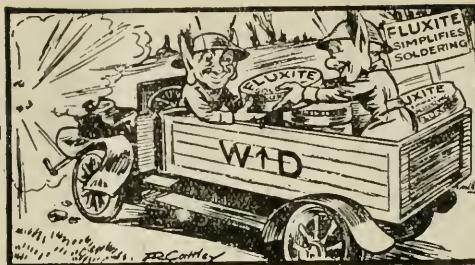
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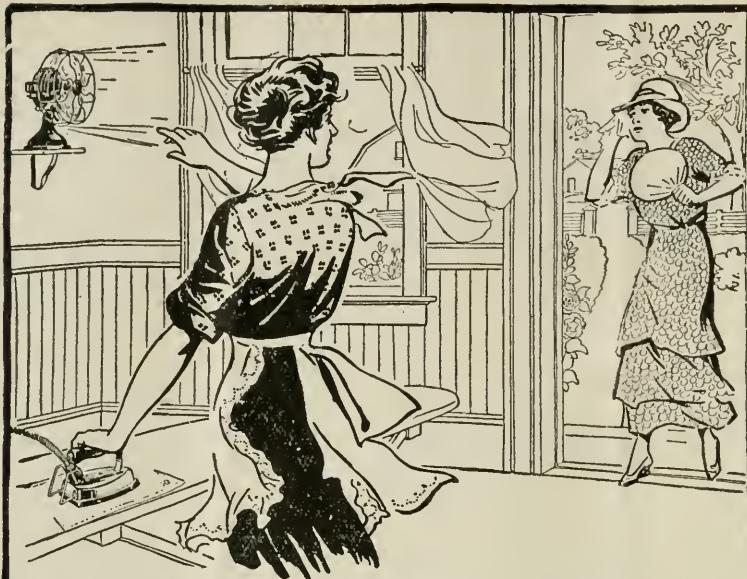
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OF REVIEWS.

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—AND OTHERS.

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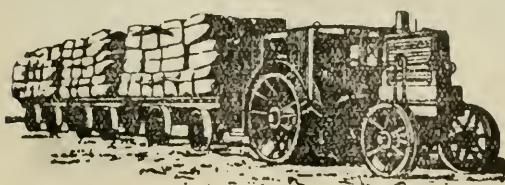
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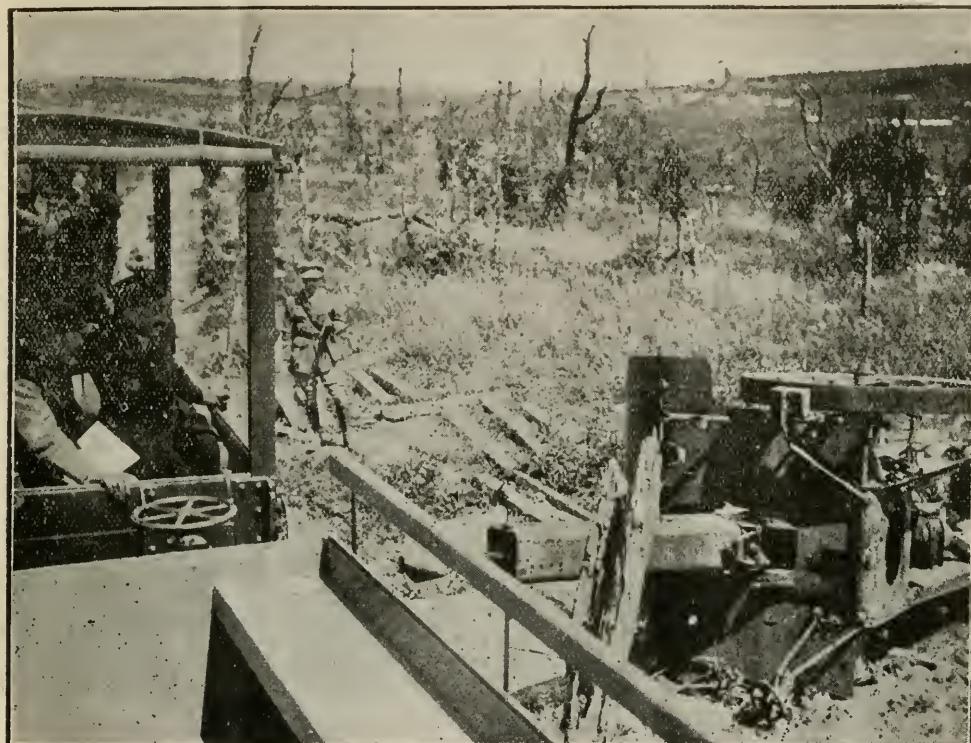
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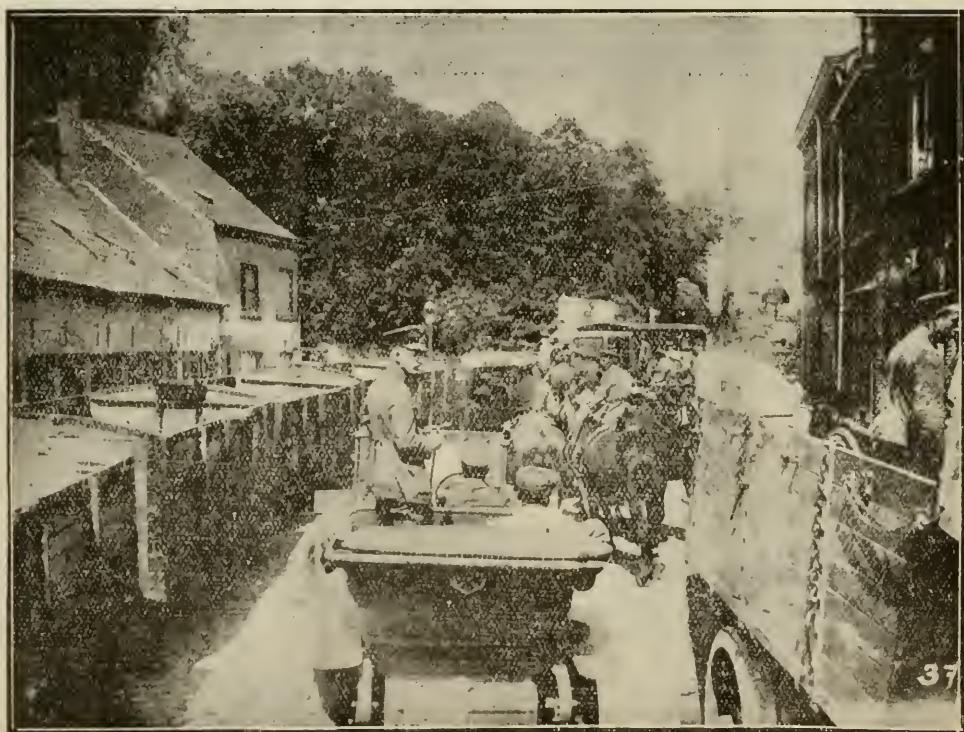


AN ABANDONED GERMAN 5.9 GUN.

King George, during his recent visit to the western front, travelled on the light railway lines which have been run over the country won from the enemy, and saw many sights such as this.

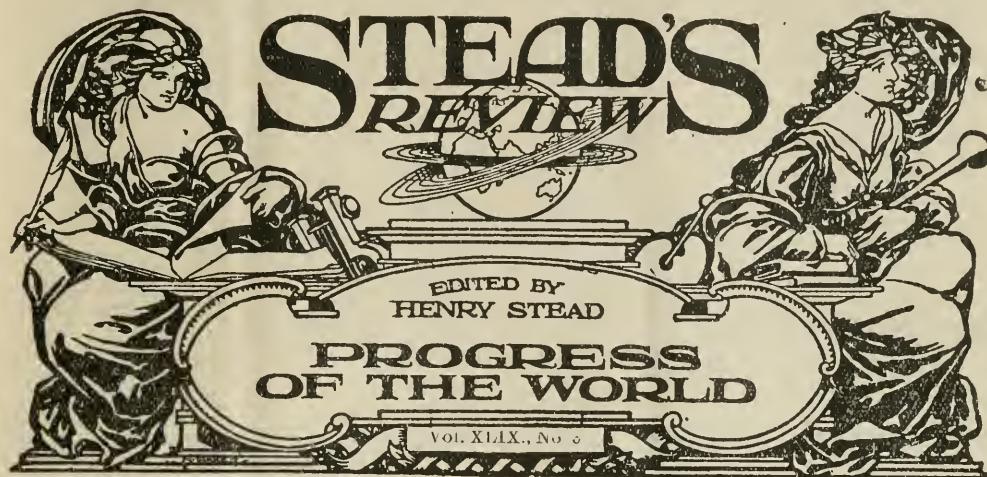


With the British Forces in Palestine. Engineers Boring for Water.



37

During their occupation of Belgium, the Germans have elaborated a very complete system of light railways, and other methods of transport. The photograph shows a typical street in a village close to the British front.



FEBRUARY 2, 1918

Hertling Replies to Wilson.

There is little to add to the discussion of the Allied war aims, which appeared in our last number. During the two weeks that have passed since those notes were penned the German Chancellor and the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister have replied to President Wilson's declaration, and those replies have followed the lines suggested. At first blush the speech of Count von Hertling appeared to utterly dash the hopes of those who look to see the frightful conflict ended before Europe is bled white and the peoples of the world are starving, but a calmer and closer study of his pronouncement revives them. For months now I have pointed out that the very first thing absolutely necessary before peace could be discussed at all was that the Allies should definitely declare what their war aims were. Until they did that the enemy rulers would not have the slightest difficulty in convincing their peoples of the truth of their reiterated assertions that they were fighting for their very lives and for their countries' existence. The only possible parry to the enemy peace thrusts was to state what we were fighting for. Either we had to do that or we had to accept the enemy suggestion, and go into conference at once.

The First Step Towards Peace.

The immediate result of the publication of President Wilson's declaration was that Germany and Austria were obliged to become definite also. True, there is little agreement between the war aims of the Central Powers and the objects for which we fight, but had they been still more out of accord, we would have been entirely justified in regarding the American statement and the enemy reply as being the first steps towards the ending of the war. That is a great thing. For the first time since the struggle began the opposing groups have begun to discuss the war aims of each other. Put the President's fourteen aims in one column and the German comments thereon in another, and we find already that there are after all points of agreement, and hope of ultimately finding a common denominator begins to burn more brightly. After all, no one anticipates that all the Allied war aims will be attained, or thinks for a moment that those of the enemy will be won. When in history did any Power which made war get all it wanted? Perhaps Atilla did because his method was to exterminate his foes altogether, but Napoleon did not, the Tsar Nicholas I. did not, Bismarck did not, the Mikado did not.

nor will any civilised state ever win all its war aims, no matter how great its success in the field. When that success, though great, is not overwhelming, compromise must inevitably play a part when peace is made. Already it is obvious that some of the President's war objects cannot be realised.

The Three Chief Points of Difference.

In my examination of the President's statement last time I arrived at the conclusion that it would be found in the end that there were only three points where the divergence of view would be too great to be reconciled at present, namely Alsace-Lorraine, the Balkans, and Turkey. The speech of the German Chancellor has not caused me to alter that view at all. We are, of course, at very great disadvantage in discussing the Chancellor's speech, for it is patent enough that a very poor summary of it has been cabled to us. Further, it is now admitted that the even more important pronouncement of Count Czernin has reached us in yet more garbled form. Still, even thus handicapped, we can manage to get a fair idea of the enemy attitude towards our war aims, and concerning their desire to end the struggle. Just as the American President crystallised the somewhat nebulous aspirations of the Allies into definite war aims, so von Hertling in his speech translated the vague German peace suggestions into understandable form. It is possible from the Chancellor's speech—incompletely reported as it is—to ascertain more or less the enemy war aims and compare them with those of the Allies. (See page 111.)

Readjustment of Original Objects.

The Allied war aims, thanks to President Wilson, we now know. The enemy war aims this declaration of the President's has disclosed to be the restoration of the *status quo ante bellum*, plus a rearrangement of the eastern frontier by agreement with Russia on the nominal basis of a referendum of the people concerned. Neither side now suggests indemnities. The idea of an economic war after the present military struggle is over has been abandoned by Allies and Central Powers alike. The certainty that the British and French Governments will utterly refuse to put their oversea colonies into the melting pot makes it difficult to see how, in the end, President Wilson can oppose the restoration of her

colonies to Germany. In order to make certain, however, the Germans apparently intend to hold Belgium till they get these colonies or their equivalent elsewhere, although it is no part of their programme to annex Belgium to their empire. The enemy suggestion that, if President Wilson is to get real freedom of the seas he would have to see that great fortresses which absolutely controlled the principal trade routes were given up by Great Britain, will, of course, not be seriously entertained either in England or America. If the rumours about the setting up of a Jugo-Slav State as a fourth party to the Austro-Hungarian-Polish Empire be true, the Balkan question will be settled without Allied intervention. The possibility of peace between Austria and Roumania is greater than ever, and if it is made, that will have further influence on the Balkans. It is, of course, a mere subterfuge on the part of the Chancellor to say that the war aims of the Allies about Turkey were mainly the concern of the Turks. They affect the entire *Drang nach Osten* policy of Germany and her "support" of Turkish statesmen would inevitably take the form of refusing to allow them for a moment to agree to the dismemberment suggested by the Allies.

The Austrian Invitation to America.

The Germans, finally relieved of the dread of Russia, are continuing fighting to induce us to agree to the re-establishment of frontiers as they were when the war began. The Allies' main objects were dealt with in our last issue. The declaration of war aims, however, and the enemy reply clears the air, whilst the imperfectly reported speech of the Austrian Foreign Minister evidently conveyed a cordial suggestion to the United States to enter into direct peace discussion with Austro-Hungary. He said: "Austria and America practically agree on the great principles of a new world settlement after the war, and our views on several concrete peace questions approach agreement. Our differences are not sufficient to prevent complete agreement. An exchange of views between Austria and the United States might form a starting point for a conciliatory discussion between all States which have not yet entered into the negotiations." This is a distinct invitation, and Count Czernin went on to say that the text of his speech had been sent to President Wilson before it was delivered. Will the President, like his great predecessor, Lincoln, agree to discuss matters with the

enemy or not? To discuss terms with the foe is not to make peace, although to judge by what many people write and say, to contemplate talking matters over with a view to finding a solution is quite as bad as making peace by blindly accepting the enemy's terms, whatever they may be! The cables assure us that the Germans are very mad indeed at the Austrian Foreign Minister for making this proposal to the President, but if they are mad they are angry to order—for we may be perfectly certain that, having got so far as to arrange to answer the President's statement on the same day—after enough time had elapsed for careful consideration—the German and Austrian statesmen prepared the replies in consultation. We may, I think, assume with confidence that the Austrian peace suggestion is agreeable to the authorities in Germany, and that it does not necessarily propose a separate peace between Austria and the Allies.

If Austria Had Made Peace in 1915.

It is illuminating to consider what the position would be, supposing Austria did draw out of the fight and make terms with her enemies. Would it advantage or harm Germany? In the early months of the war the collapse of Austria would have been fatal to her stern partner, because such collapse could only have been brought about by decisive defeat at the hands of Russia, or internal revolution. Under such circumstances Austria could not have refused passage to Allied troops, would have had to agree to cease supplying Germany with food and other necessaries. Before the war was many weeks old, and whilst it was still popular to talk of the irresistible advance of the Russian steam-roller to Berlin, I pointed out that the road to the German capital ran not through Breslau, but through Vienna and Prague; that Russia would have far more chance of ultimate victory if, instead of throwing her armies into East Prussia, she concentrated all her energies on knocking out Austria, at that time the Achilles Heel of the Teutonic giant. Crippled by her disastrous ventures against Germany, Russia was unable to drive home her victories against Austria, and the chance of breaking down the resistance of the Dual Empire passed. Had the Russian armies overcome the Austrians, and had the Tsar's men poured down on to the Hungarian plains, Bohemia would have revolted, Roumania would have struck, and Austria would have collapsed. Instead,

time was given for a reorganisation of the Austro-Hungarian military forces, the Czechs realised the hopelessness of rebelling, Roumania hesitating, held her hand. Peace with Austria in those days would have crippled Germany, would have given her hundreds of miles of new battle front, would have cut her off permanently from Bulgaria and Turkey, would have deprived her of the wheat and meat without which her people would have starved.

What Peace With Austria Would Mean To-day.

Peace with Austria to-day would be a very different thing indeed. The Allies would be unable to insist that their troops should traverse the country with the object of attacking Germany, nor could they prevent Austria from continuing to send supplies to Berlin and Munich, or hinder German war material and men from using the railways of the Dual Empire to reach Sofia and Constantinople. Peace would liberate perhaps a couple of million Austrian soldiers who would return to their ordinary avocations, would make available thousands of heavy guns, field pieces and small artillery for the Germans. Austrian troops are nowhere helping the Germans to hold battle fronts, so that their withdrawal would not weaken the enemy defences in the west in the slightest. Germany has recently assisted the Austrians in Italy, and if peace were made that drain on the resources of the great General Staff would cease. Wheat and other cereals, thanks to the return of the soldiers, would be produced in greater quantites than ever, and supplies from South Russia would certainly flow into the country. It is pretty clear that if peace were made now with Austria, as an equal, it would benefit Germany greatly, and help us little beyond relieving us of the need of supporting Italy. Only a peace in which we dictated terms to a prostrate Austria would advantage us at all now, and there is slight prospect of the conclusion of such a treaty. There will be no separate peace made between Austria and the Allies, I venture to think, for to make it would be to play straight into the hands of the Kaiser. German statesmen, despite the alleged protests against Count Czernin's speech, would not be at all averse to Austria pulling out of the fight, as it is perfectly clear that it would greatly help Germany if she did so. But whilst a separate peace with Austria is unlikely, peace between that country and Roumania

and the Ukraine is to be expected. It may be that Austrian troops will be involved in the civil war which is certain to come in South Russia, but apart from that contingency Austria will soon be left free to devote her entire strength to the prosecution of the war against Italy. It is improbable, however, that anything more will be attempted there than the holding of the present short line from the Trentino *via* the Piave to the sea.

Unrest in the Central Empires.

This line of argument leads us up to the question of the strikes and general unrest in Austro-Hungary, and enables us to gauge the importance of these to the Allied cause. We are told that the workers have struck for three things: food, political privileges and peace; and we are led to hope, on the advice of editors and other commentators, that this upheaval in the dual Empire is distinctly advantageous to us. It can only be beneficial to us if it causes Austria to drop out of the struggle, and as I have shown that dropping out does not necessarily harm Germany. No amount of peace treaties would give food to the Austrian workers, nor would peace give them the political concessions they demand. Obviously, though, it is imperative that the Austrian Government persuades the workers to go back to their jobs. That being so, we may expect the granting of a greater measure of political freedom, and promises that peace will speedily be made with Russia and Roumania which would result before long in the easing of the food crisis. The Austrian leaders would have little difficulty in convincing the strikers that the only place where food could come from was Russia, even if a general peace were made. Lack of shipping and the urgent demands of France, Britain and Italy would prevent any wheat or meat reaching Trieste or Fiume, that is obvious enough. The only hope for the starving, or allegedly starving, workers is in Russia and peace with Russia, with the Ukraine, and with Roumania is being made at Brest-Litowski. Whilst it may well be that Bolshevik ideas rather than hunger are responsible for the troubles in Austria that does not alter the main fact, namely, that even if Austria is constrained to drop out and make a separate peace it will be of little or no benefit to us.

May Force Peace with Russia.

In Germany, too, there are strikes and hunger riots. Sailors and soldiers are

mutinying, unrest is spreading. Contradictory as the reports are, we may be sure that there is some fire making all this smoke, but we have as yet no means of knowing whether the internal troubles are going to assist us to victory or not. It is, I fear, unlikely that the discontent of the workers in Germany will so weaken Teutonic resistance in the west that our generals can triumphantly hurl back the Kaiser's armies to the Rhine and across it. What it may achieve is to force the German representatives at Brest-Litowski to come to terms with the Russians and agree to their stipulations concerning the plebiscites in Poland, Courland and Lithuania instead of insisting that these provinces have already made their decision. If the conference in the former Russian fortress brings peace on the eastern frontier, food supplies would certainly reach Germany before the end of the year, for, even if the wheat has been wasted and destroyed in Russia, the great flocks and herds remain, and fat and meat are what the Teutonic peoples stand in need of even more than that wheat. A striker is not necessarily unpatriotic. He strikes to obtain some particular advantages for himself, or to get some grievance removed. There have been strikes in England since the war began, and there are some at the present moment in America—we have had some in Australia—but no one imagines that England, the United States or Australia contemplate pulling out of the war or that revolution threatens. Some concessions and peace with Russia will probably end the German internal troubles unless the Bolshevik leaven has indeed penetrated through the German proletariat. It is clear enough that there are two main parties struggling for the mastery in Germany. Those who desire to aggrandise the Empire at the expense of the *Entente*, and those who want to conclude a peace without victory on the basis of the pre-war conditions. It is quite possible that the strikers are being used as pawns in the game which is being played between these two groups. Undoubtedly the labour unrest will strengthen those who are opposed to annexations, and will help their representatives at Brest-Litowski who are trying to curb the demands of General Hoffmann and the military leaders.

The Brest-Litowski Conference.

The situation at the conference is peculiar. It drags on, although every now and again it is suspended and the delegates

go back to Berlin, Vienna and Petrograd respectively. Trotsky makes speeches at the Russian capital to the effect that he will never agree to a peace on the German terms, and then hies him back to the conference room to parley further with the enemy! To the great fortress on the Polish border have come delegates from the Ukraine Rada, from the Ukraine soldiers, from Finland, from Poland and probably from Roumania. Peace is practically concluded with the Rada plenipotentiaries, but the soldiers becoming stronger and the Rada tottering, the whole business has to be gone through again. Some weeks ago I suggested that it was to be expected that civil war would break out in South Russia, and that the Little Russians, fighting for the creation of an independent State, would call in Austro-German help to assist them against the Bolshevik forces, who were attempting to prevent the creation of an independent Ukraine. Thus far Teutonic aid has not been sought, but ere long it will be. The Roumanians, too, are fighting the Bolsheviks, and soon must exhaust their stores of ammunition and artillery. In order to keep Bessarabia, whose capital—Kisheneff—they have already occupied, the Roumanians must have help in the way of war material,

Roumania's Claim to Bessarabia.

One of the main objects for which we are continuing the war is to give France back Alsace-Lorraine, which was reft from her in 1871 by Prus¹⁰. We must, therefore, have every sympathy with the Roumanians who are endeavouring to reconquer Bessarabia, and recover their lost province by force of arms. There can be no question whatever that the claims of the Roumanians to Bessarabia are entirely justified. The Allies are united in demanding the restitution of Alsace-Lorraine on the ground of right and equity, therefore they cannot fail to recognise the righteousness of the Roumanians attempt to possess themselves again of the territory between the Dniester and the Bug. Alsace-Lorraine was under French governance for 190 years only, from 1681, when it was seized by Louis XIV., to 1871, when Germany retook the provinces. Bessarabia, however, was part of Moldavia from 1367 until Russia took it away in 1812. Actually the southern portion was not reft from Moldavia by her powerful neighbour until 1829. So, for 445 years, Bessarabia was an integral part of the principality of Moldavia. So generally was the claim of the Rou-

manians to this province recognised in Europe, that, at the Treaty of Paris (1856), which ended the Crimean war, France and Great Britain compelled Russia to retrocede the southern portion, which she had appropriated in 1829, to Moldavia. The Principality which, meanwhile, had finally united itself with that of Wallachia, enjoyed possession of this restored territory for 22 years, but, at the Treaty of St. Stefano, lost it again to Russia, whose Tsar thus showed his gratitude to the Roumanians for coming to his rescue when the Turks were pressing him most sorely! Thus we see that not only did the Roumanians own Bessarabia long before the French had possessed themselves of the then German provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, but that they finally lost the last portion of this territory to Russia seven years after the Prussians had annexed the provinces we are now fighting to get back for France.

Still Peopled by Roumanians.

There are other reasons which, once we admit the French claim to their lost territory, must compel us to agree that the Roumanian demand for Bessarabia is thoroughly justified. In Alsace-Lorraine the census returns show that of the 1,874,014 people dwelling in the Provinces in 1910 only 204,262, or 12½ per cent., could speak French, whereas of the 2,262,400 folk who lived in Bessarabia in 1906, no less than half were pure Moldavians, speaking Roumanian. The rest of the population was made up of Little Russians, Bulgarians, Jews, Germans, and a few Greeks, Armenians and Tartars. If a plebiscite were taken in Bessarabia there would be an overwhelming majority in favour of reunion with Roumania, but no one imagines that the 1,634,260 German-speaking folk in Alsace-Lorraine would vote with the 204,262 French speakers for retrocession to France. It should be noted, by the way, that the great seaport of Odessa is not in Bessarabia. It lies some 35 miles east of the River Dniester, which separates the province from the Russian Governments of Podolia and Kherson. Ever since the Tsar seized Bessarabia and made the frontier between Russia and Roumania the Bug instead of the Dniester, the former river has been known as the "accursed Bug" by the Roumanians. That this semi-Latin race had faith in the dream that ultimately Bessarabia would again become part of Roumania is demonstrated by the manner in which

Roumanians have been encouraged to continue to dwell in the Russian-ruled province, despite all sorts of oppression; emigration to Moldavia and Wallachia has been discouraged, and the language and traditions of the people have been preserved. Had the French been equally successful in keeping their people in Alsace-Lorraine, and their language alive there, it would have been impossible for the German Chancellor to have made the declaration before the Reichstag which was received with such cheers by members.

Transylvania Never Under Bucharest.

The Allies have constantly referred to the just and reasonable claims of the Roumanians that all their nationals should be brought under the sceptre of their king, but this has hitherto always been taken as meaning that Transylvania and Bukowina, now parts of Austria-Hungary, should be added to the Roumanian kingdom. A very brief excursion into history reveals the fact that if claims to these two Austro-Hungarian provinces are justified that to Bessarabia is still more reasonable, for whilst, as already indicated, this latter province was always Roumanian until 1812, and portions of it were ruled from Bucharest for 22 years quite recently Transylvania has never been under the control of the princes of either Wallachia or Moldavia, and Bukowina was taken from Moldavia as long ago as 1777, and has belonged to Austria ever since. On historical grounds the Roumanians have no claim at all to Transylvania, which, ever since the break up of the Roman Empire, ceased to be part of the old State of Dacia, the forerunner of the Roumania of to-day. The Hungarians overran the province half a century before Norman William wrested England from Saxon Harold. With brief interruptions—when the Turks swept over the Carpathians, and when Sigismund, Prince of Transylvania, assumed suzerainty over Moldavia and Wallachia—the Hungarians have remained in possession ever since. On ethnical grounds, however, the Roumanians have a good claim to the province as of the 2,500,000 people dwelling there no fewer than 1,400,000 are Roumanians. Unfortunately, however, they are spread all over the country and the districts contiguous to Wallachia are for the most part peopled by a majority of Hungarians or Saxons. If Roumania acquired Transylvania, it would undoubtedly be against the strongest protests of over a million Magyars and Teutons. Unless the

Central Empires are actually beaten flat there is little hope that King Ferdinand's rule will be extended over the 21,000 square miles of this much-desired province. Not only are more than 40 per cent. of the inhabitants opposed to Roumanian rule, but the strategic and natural frontier of Hungary is the Carpathians. It is possible that the Roumanian dwellers in Transylvania may be given a greater measure of control in the government of the country, or it might even be made an autonomous province as in 1860, but united with Roumania it will hardly be.

A Doubtful Ethnical Claim.

When we come to consider the Roumanian claim to Bukowina, we have to concede some historical justification, although, if we do that, we cannot altogether ignore the enemy contention that Alsace-Lorraine, originally German, ought still to be German, despite the 190 years of French rule between 1681 and 1871. On ethnical grounds, however, the Roumanian claim is strongly disputed by the Ukrainians. Bukowina was first taken from Moldavia by Russia in 1769, but she was deprived of it by the Austrians in 1774, whose occupation was officially recognised in 1777. This Crown Land has an area of 4035 square miles, and a population of 820,000. Of these just over 40 per cent. are Ruthenians or Ukrainians, 35 per cent. are Roumanians, and 13 per cent. are Jews. The nationalist movement amongst the Little Russians has been maintained from Bukowina and Galicia, and there is certainly a very strong desire on the part of the Ruthenians to have all the first and portions of the latter province united to the new Ukrainian Republic, which has been set up in South Russia. Acquiescence in such a scheme by Austria would certainly win over the Republic, and once that were done, peace with a Roumania, enlarged by the addition of Bessarabia, would speedily follow. In the peace terms, however, would certainly be a demand that Roumania cede the Dobrudja to Bulgaria, and that demand would be agreed to providing the possession of Bessarabia were made absolute.

The Making of a Great Kingdom.

Roumania's anxiety to get a further slice of the Dobrudja caused her to side against Bulgaria in the second Balkan war, but the desire for this extra territory sprang from the need of securing a seaport which was not dominated by Russia. This Roumania

had, of course, obtained at the Treaty of St. Stefano, when Constanza was ceded to her by Turkey, but it was altogether too near the Bulgarian frontier for safety. The 3000 square miles of territory which Roumania wrung from Bulgaria in 1913, pushed back the frontier some 30 miles, and, in the opinion of the Roumanian Government, made Constanza safe from attack. The possession of Bessarabia would give Roumania entire control of the mouths of the Danube, and, although loss of Constanza would be a serious blow, it would be more than compensated for by the Delta of the Danube, and complete possession of Bessarabia. It is unlikely that Bulgaria would get any of the Delta, but would have to rest satisfied with the 8000 odd square miles of the Dobrudja proper, chiefly peopled by Turks. If Roumania gets Bessarabia and abandons the Dobrudja she will increase her territory by some 9000 square miles, adding indeed 17,000 square miles of fertile land and losing 8000 square miles of more or less barren steppes. Her population, despite the loss of the 550,000 Dobrudjians, would be increased by 1,700,000, and most of these would be Roumanians, whilst those lost would be Turks and Bulgars—alien races. The new Roumania would have an area of 63,000 square miles with a total population of 9,300,000. That is to say it would be the tenth State of Europe in area, and the seventh in population—excluding Russia and the fragments into which it may fly. Fewer people would be living in Belgium, Holland, Portugal, Sweden, Greece, Bulgaria, Serbia, Switzerland, Denmark and Norway, and the whole of England and Wales could be comfortably tucked away in the new Roumania bounded by the Dniester, the Danube and the Carpathians.

Sweden and the Finns.

Russia is more turbulent than ever. The peasants are apparently being won to the Bolsheviks, as these urge the seizing of the land of the great proprietors, and its division amongst the people. Land is the key to the heart of the peasant, and the Bolsheviks are fully aware of that. But directly the principles of confiscation and division are put into practice trouble arises. The small peasant proprietors strongly resent the loss of the land they farm, and the Cossacks, who hold large areas on the community system, fly to arms to prevent any encroachment on their territory. Robber bands, returned soldiers and Red Guards

fight each other and pillage the country. The troops of the Ukraine Rada struggle with the Bolshevik armies, and the Cossacks engage the Red Guards in battle. In Finland the republic which was created last July has been attacked by sailors and Red Guards, who have possessed themselves of Helsingfors, and are overrunning the country. The Finnish Government's troops, known as White Guards, are holding their own at present, but are obviously handicapped owing to lack of proper equipment. The Swedes, of course, strongly sympathise with their Finnish cousins, and are anxious to send ammunition and arms to them, but this the Government is preventing. If, however, the Russians actually defeat the Finns and overthrow the new republic, Swedish intervention in Finland is almost certain. The break up which followed the revolution lifted the dread of Russian aggression which had oppressed them for the last hundred years from the Swedes, who hailed with joy the setting up of an independent republic in Finland. Already the vexed question of the Aland Islands was being amicably settled with the new State, and the Swedes must view with the greatest apprehension the efforts of the Russians to re-establish themselves on the Gulf of Bothnia, and in possession of these islands which dominate Stockholm. Rather than have the old threat back again, they would hasten to the aid of the hard-pressed Finns and assist them to set up their republic once more. The Allies, pledged to the principle that every people shall decide its own destiny, would obviously approve of the Swedes helping the Finns to establish the government they desired.

Half-a-million Sammies in France.

The best news we have had this year is that no less than 500,000 American troops are in France, or will be almost at once, and that 1,500,000 more men are ready to go as soon as ships are available. The United States has been in the war almost a year now, but the first batch of 670,000 men called up did not begin training until last October. To have half a million in France already is a magnificent achievement. This year, says President Wilson, is to be the decisive one, therefore it is evidently intended to have a great American army in action within a few months. We have to remember, however, that, though the American soldiers have been trained in the States, and have re-

ceived a further polish in France, when they do attack in force they will resemble Haig's army when the great offensive was delivered on the Somme in 1916. That offensive was regarded as completing the training of the men raised under the Kitchener and Derby schemes. It was not expected to break through the enemy line, did not, indeed, do so. It was the first great offensive made by the British who had been constantly in the field for eighteen months getting ready for it. If the Germans intend to deal a mighty blow in the west they will be constrained to do so as early as the weather permits, as the longer they delay the more formidable the American armies in France will become.

Air Raids.

The British and French policy of reprisals for German air raids has not had the hoped for result; instead, Germany has embarked on a series of raids as reprisals for our reprisals. Many more aeroplanes are used in these raids than ever before, and the machines come in relays, so that bombing continues for an hour or more. London was visited on January 27th, 47 men, women and children being killed and 169 injured. Paris was visited on January 30th by four squadrons of Goths. Thirty-six persons being killed and 190 injured. One enemy machine was shot down near London, but the Paris visitors escaped unharmed. Few particulars have been published about the British and French reprisal raids, but evidently they were effective in themselves. One of the raids was against Mannheim, and is said to have eclipsed all previous efforts. Many of the inhabitants fled, and reports state that the rest spent a night of terror in the town. The British aviators swooped so low that the noise of their engines could be heard in the streets filled with panic-stricken, half-dressed people—*vide* the cabled reports. One of the many bombs dropped on the town found its billet in the barracks, but what damage it did is not stated.

The "Goeben" Loses Another Life.

The submarines have been very busy again. The 13,400-ton Atlantic liner *Andania* was torpedoed off the coast of Ulster, but though the ship was lost the passengers—40—and the crew—200—were saved. The Dublin Steam Packet's steamer *Cork*, 1,232 tons, was torpedoed in the Irish Sea, seven passengers and five of the crew

were drowned. Definite news of the loss of two transports on December 30th in the Mediterranean came through a couple of days ago. One was the *Aragon*, of 9588 tons, well known to the Gallipoli Anzacs, had 2000 persons of board, of whom 612 were drowned, including four nurses and the captain. The other, the *Osmanich*, of 4,041 tons, with 800 people of board, of whom 199 were drowned, including the captain and eight nurses. The *Mechanician*, 9,044 tons, used as an armed escort vessel, was torpedoed in the English Channel on January 20th, and a couple of torpedo boats were also lost. The sinking during the two weeks total 15 British ships over 1,600 tons, two French and two Italian. Under 1,600 tons the losses were—British, 8; French 4; and Italian, 3. The Americans announced that during 1917 the Germans torpedoed 69 of their ships, with a tonnage of 171,000. The *Goeben* and the *Breslau* suddenly sallied forth from the Dardanelles with the object, it is said, of going to Greece to assist in a rising in favour of ex-King Constantine. Presumably, the Allies have nothing as powerful as the former German battle-cruiser in the Aegean, but a couple of British monitors did not hesitate to attack the monster. She sank them both, but meanwhile the *Breslau* ran on a mine, and foundered. The *Goeben*, evidently fearful of a like fate, made for the entrance, but striking a mine, had to be beached at Nagara Point. There she was attacked by our aircraft, but was soon refloated and returned to Constantinople. She has been one of the epoch-making ships of the war, and seems to have as many lives as a cat, having been sunk any number of times, having been converted into a stationary fort, and into a hospital ship, whilst her guns have been used on Gallipoli, and other battle fronts! Thanks to her presence in the Black Sea the Turks were able to cripple Russian effort in Armenia at a critical time, and she has always prevented the Russian fleet from doing anything to help the land forces, or make an offensive against Constantinople.

Doings of Japan and Persia.

The decision of the Japanese to double their army and greatly increase their navy is somewhat remarkable. At present her army is 600,000 strong, and the proposal is to raise the numbers to 1,300,000. The navy is to be increased by no less than 16 super-dread-

noughts, and 16 huge battle cruisers. They are to be built during the next six years at a cost of 700,000,000 yen, or about £70,000,000. Already Japan has been called on to safeguard the interests of her citizens in Vladivostok, and it may be that she hopes soon to extend her dominion in Siberia and her influence still further in China. The agreement made some time ago between the Mikado's representative and Yuan Shi Kai still stands, and gives to Japan most notable concession in the Celestial Republic. Its provisions concerning Japanese advisors have apparently been in force for some time. Undoubtedly, if the ambitious naval programme is carried out, the Japanese will be a most powerful nation. Persia, taking advantage of the Russian upheaval, and the revolutionary declaration, renouncing all desire for territory not peopled by Russians, has denounced all the treaties she was forced to make with Turkey and Russia since 1828. In particular, does she declare void those concluded during the early part of this century to which, by the way, Great Britain is a party. The latest of these divided Persia between Russia and England. We took the southern half, the Tsar took the northern, and Persia was allowed to retain a slice in the middle, wherein Britain and Russia could both try for concessions. The question of Persia will no doubt come up for settlement at the peace conference which will indeed have plenty of world problems to deal with !

Pull Together and Avoid Disaster.

We rejoice over the disturbances in Germany and Austria, but cannot but be apprehensive concerning the situation in England itself. Obviously the question of food is a very serious one. Rationing has been decided on, and arrangements are being made to put through the vast undertaking. Let us hope the errors which the Germans, Austrians and French fell into will not be repeated, although the issuing of family food tickets and their subsequent recall before they were used, the Food Controller having suddenly discovered that people travelled about sometimes unaccompanied by all the members of their families, does not augur too well for future arrangements. However, voluntary rationing having failed, compulsory rationing is to begin. Lord Rhondda has found it necessary to appeal to Mr. Hoover for 75,000,000 bushels of wheat in addition to what has already been sent to Great Britain this year. If this

gigantic quantity is not forthcoming our people will not have sufficient food to win the war. The position may be very serious ; indeed, he says in three months time. "We are now crossing the rapids," says Mr. Prothero, "and, unless we pull together, we will sweep to disaster." All pleasure horses must go, as there is not enough to feed them on, and certainly not enough to feed all the cattle in the country. Sheep must be fed, he says, entirely on grass from now on. The people are to be graded into classes, roughly, into active and sedentary occupations, which, presumably, means that manual labourers are to get a larger ration than brain workers. In order to get the 75,000,000 bushels of wheat needed by England, France and Italy, the Americans will be obliged to reduce their own consumption by a third, and are voluntarily putting in force a self-denying ordinance, which deprives them of bread on certain days in the week, and of meat on others. Unless England can get supplies from America, the position is obviously most serious. The whole thing is a matter of ships, ships, always ships. In addition to the wheat huge quantities of meat and other necessities are needed. The Germans are reported to be putting forth every effort to launch more submarines, and make the under-water warfare still more intense. We may be sure that the most vigorous attempts will be made by the enemy to prevent the 75,000,000 bushels of wheat and other supplies getting safely across the Atlantic. President Wilson, fully alive to the dangerous state of affairs, has assured his people that on their shoulders rests the problem of Europe's sustenance.

Is Labour Moving to End the War?

The Man-Power Bill of the Government has not yet received the approval of the powerful Society of Amalgamated Engineers. These men threaten to strike unless the Government declares an armistice in order to negotiate with the Central Powers. Mr. Henderson, who, although dismissed from the War Cabinet, is now one of the most powerful men in the Empire, has appealed to them not to down tools, declaring that such action may precipitate a crisis "at a moment when the arrangements we are making for concentrated action by international democracy in the direction of a general peace is rapidly approaching completion." This Labour leader, who stuck to the men rather than to the ruling statesmen, declares that the tem-

per of the industrialists is dangerous, and that we are on the verge of a crisis. *The Times* urges the Government to modify its attitude, and meet the engineers in the matter. Big events are undoubtedly pending in England, and the disappearance of Mr. Lloyd George from Downing Street would be no surprise.

Military and Political Leaders.

An attack on Sir Douglas Haig and Sir William Robertson has been vigorously carried on in the London press. The immediate occasion was what is known as the "Cambrai reverse." A great deal has been made of this, and demands for the retirement of officers in the highest positions have not been wanting. This is to say the least extraordinary, because, so far as we know from the cables. Cambrai was a brilliant victory, followed by the abandonment of a small section of the territory we had won. For this achievement the Commanding Officer, General Byng, received promotion. Now we are told that for the slight withdrawal reported, still higher officers ought to be dismissed! Unless something happened of which we know nothing, the whole affair is a mysterious sort of a storm in a tea cup. Commanders in the field are always being criticised and cannot reply. Unless they have some strong backing in political circles, they are usually sacrificed to satisfy the demand of a democracy that someone must be punished. They are the tallest poppies and they fall. Had it not been for Pitt's steadfast support, Wellington would again and again have been recalled from the Peninsula, and some other leader would have commanded the Allied forces at Waterloo, with perhaps disastrous consequences to Europe. Sir Douglas Haig does not appear to have as stalwart a friend in Lloyd George as Wellington had in Pitt,

but for the moment at any rate the storm has blown over.

Home Rule.

The new Electoral Bill came back from the Lords with a proportional representation clause added. This the Commons struck out by 223 votes to 113. They then restored the alternative vote clause for single member constituencies which the Lords had rejected. A compromise will probably be arrived at. This Bill increases the number of electors in Great Britain by 8,000,000, and, at the next election, taken on the new role, Labour representation in the House will be very greatly strengthened. Labour outside the House is becoming hostile to Lloyd George and his Government, though its representatives, elected three and a-half years before the outbreak of war, still stick to him. The situation in Ireland is again acute. The failure of the Convention to reach agreement compelled the intervention of the Government. In order to free its hands, Sir Edward Carson again resigned, this time from the War Cabinet, and departed to Ulster, where, it is to be hoped, he will be able to bring about some sort of a compromise. If the Government fails, like the Convention, the last state of Ireland will be worse than the first, and the Sinn Fein movement, which demands entire liberty and the creation of a Republic in Ireland will get a great impetus. A chance offers for Mr. Hughes to escape from his embarrassing position in Australia. An Imperial Conference is said to be a matter of great urgency, and the presence of the Prime Minister is desired. It is to be hoped that his will not be the only voice to speak for Australia at the Conference, for the recent referendum showed clearly enough that his ideas are not those of the bulk of the people of the Commonwealth.





THE END OF A FRENCH VILLAGE.

One of the greatest works in connection with the British armies in France is the repair of the roads. The debris of the villages which have been smashed to bits by the heavy guns is largely used for this purpose.

THE AMERICAN WAR AIMS AND THE ENEMY'S REPLY.

The following comparison between the statement of President Wilson and the speech of the German Imperial Chancellor helps us in finding a "common denominator." (See page 102.)

PRESIDENT WILSON'S STATEMENT.

(1) "Covenants of peace, openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private international understandings of any kind, but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view."

(2) "Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants."

THE GERMAN DECLARATION.

(1) "Covenants of peace, openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private international understandings of any kind, but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view."

(2) "Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants, but to secure this absolute freedom it is of the highest importance that England should abandon Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Hong Kong, the Falkland Islands, and other strong naval points *d'appui*.

(3) "The removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers, and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance.

(4) "Adequate guarantees given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety.

(5) "A free, open-minded and absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, based upon a strict observance of the principle that in determining all such questions of sovereignty the interests of the populations concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the Government whose title is to be determined.

(6) "The evacuation of all Russian territory, and such a settlement of all questions affecting Russia as will secure the best and freest co-operation of the other nations of the world in obtaining for her an unhampered and an unembarrassing opportunity for the independent determination of her own political development and national policy, and assure her of a sincere welcome into the society of free nations under institutions of her own choosing; and, more than a welcome, assistance also of every kind that she may need and may herself desire. The treatment accorded Russia by her sister nations in the months to come will be the acid test of their goodwill, of their comprehension of her needs as distinguished from their own interests, and of their intelligent and unselfish sympathy.

(7) "Belgium, the whole world will agree, must be evacuated and restored without any attempt to limit the sovereignty which she enjoys in common with all other free nations.

(8) "All French territory should be freed, and the invaded portions restored, and the wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine, which has unsettled the peace of the world for nearly 50 years, should be righted, in order that peace may once more be made secure in the interest of all.

(3) "The removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers, and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance—a matter, however, for further discussion.

(4) "The financial position of all European countries after the war will probably work most effectively as a satisfactory solution of this question. Reduction of armaments was approved of in replies to the Pope and official Austrian pronouncements.

(5) "A practical realisation of this principle will encounter difficulties, but it is most important to enter on it. I believe it could be left to the greatest colonial Empire, namely, the British, to make up its mind concerning America's proposal. When such an Anglo-American agreement has been reached we could see what agreement is possible at peace negotiations from our side, since we also advocate a new construction of the colonial situation.

(6) "Now that the *Entente* has refused to join in the peace negotiations, I must decline interference in this matter. We are dealing with questions which alone concern Russia and the Central Powers.

(7) "The Belgian question belongs to matters whose details will be settled at the peace negotiations. Forceable annexation forms no part of the official German policy.

(8) "The occupied parts of France are a valuable pawn in our hands. Forceable annexation is no part of our policy, but the conditions of evacuation must take account of Germany's vital interests, and are to be agreed upon between Germany and France. There can never be any question of dismemberment of Imperial territory. Under no fine phrases of any kind will we permit the enemy again to take Alsace and Lorraine from us, which have been ever increasingly

(9) "A readjustment of the frontiers of Italy should be effected along clearly recognisable lines of nationality.

(10) "The peoples of Austria-Hungary, whose place among the nations we wish to see safeguarded and assured, should be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development.

(11) "Roumania, Serbia, and Montenegro should be evacuated; Serbia accorded free and secure access to the sea; and the relations of the several Balkan States to one another be determined by friendly counsel along historically established lines of allegiance and nationality; and international guarantees of the political and economic dependence and territorial integrity of the several Balkan States should be entered into.

(12) "The Turkish portions of the present Ottoman Empire should be assured a secure sovereignty, but the other nationalities which are now under Turkish rule should be assured an undoubted security of life, and an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous developments, and the Dardanelles should be permanently opened as a free passage to the ships and commerce of all nations under international guarantees.

(13) "An independent Polish State should be formed, which should include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations, which should be assured a free and secure access to the sea, and whose political and economic independence and territorial integrity should be guaranteed by international covenant.

(14) "A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small States alike."

Summing up the proposals of President Wilson and the speech of Lloyd George, the Imperial Chancellor said that "they contained certain principles to which Germany has assented, and which form the starting point and aim of negotiations, but the concrete proposals are unsatisfactory. Our Enemies do not desire to destroy Germany, but cast covetous eyes on our territory."

linked intimately to Germany, have in a highly gratifying manner ever increasingly developed economically, and of which more than 87 per cent. of the population speak the German mother tongue.

(9) "This principally concerns Austria.

(10) "This principally concerns Austria.

(11) "This principally concerns Austria.

(12) "This concerns Turkey, to whose respective statesmen the answer may be left in the first place. Germany would accord them every support. The integrity of Turkey and the safeguarding of Constantinople, with which the question of the Straits is closely connected, are important to vital German interests.

(13) "The Central Empires liberated Poland from the Tsarish regime. They therefore are entitled to decide Poland's future constitution. Said Count Czernin: 'The population of Poland shall decide its own fate, but this question must not delay peace for a single day. A compromise must be reached. The difference is not sufficient to cause a cessation of the negotiations between Russia and the Central Powers.'

(14) "The Imperial German Government is ready to discuss the basis of a League of Nations when all other questions are settled, and has often approved the scheme officially during the last couple of years."

HARNESSING NATURE.

The Bowser Economy Government meets Parliament on Tuesday, and is expected to give some account of the savings it has already effected, and those it hopes to carry out in the administration of Victorian affairs. It is unlikely that it will make any very lengthy statement or announce any serious programme.

One of the matters it is concerning itself with is the development of the resources of the State. The relative merits of water power and brown coal are to be seriously looked into, and decision is to be arrived at concerning the advisability of the State taking control or permitting private enterprise to have a free hand. In a previous article (September 29th, 1917), I dealt at some length with the scheme for harnessing the head waters of the Kiewa, Mitta Mitta and other rivers, and this is the proposition now before the Government. Instead, however, of considering the feasibility of compelling the ever running waters of the Bogong High Plains to make electric power for Melbourne, and other places, by itself, the idea is to look on it as a rival scheme to that of the brown coal at Morwell. To me water power always has a peculiar fascination, for the water goes on running, always running, regardless of the dictates of the Trades Hall or of the whims of miners, and whilst it may be that the initial cost of impounding the wayward streams of Victoria's mountainous districts is greater than that of installing the necessary plant in the brown coal region, once the dams are built and the necessary fall is secured the working cost of making electricity is far less.

But the two schemes are not necessarily rivals, although they appear to be so regarded. The certainty that cheap power would be available would undoubtedly cause new industries to spring up, but, even with those there are, over 60,000 kilo-watts are required daily. One of the objections taken by experts to the hydro-electric scheme is that it cannot produce anything like the 40,000 kilo-watts every day that its promoters claim for it. If, however, the Government does not intend to take over the harnessing of these waters itself, it surely ought not to stand in the way of

private enterprise doing so, providing, of course, that those who put up the money have more faith in the capacity of the undertaking than the Government experts, after cursory inspection, appear to entertain. After all the proof of the pudding is the eating thereof. What Melbourne wants is electric power as cheaply as it can be obtained. The hydro-electric people are apparently prepared to undertake to supply this at ½d. per unit. The Government should not stand in the way of their doing so. If they fail to make good, that is their affair, and does not concern the Ministry; but surely the manufacturers of Victoria ought not to have to wait indefinitely for cheap current, or, indeed, for any sort of current, whilst the Government hesitates to give permission for the development of the water power of the State by a private company on the ground that, by utilising brown coal or some other fuel obtainable sometime, somewhere or other, the power needed might be got more cheaply—in a few years' time!

The brown coal proposition may be a perfectly sound one, but we do know that the installation of the necessary plant would involve an exceedingly heavy expenditure which it was proposed the State should shoulder. The suggestion to utilise the water now running to waste in the ever flowing rivers of the State does not involve the Government in any expenditure whatever; all that is asked is permission to impound the waters and thus secure the necessary power to produce almost unlimited supplies of electricity which will be sold to manufacturers at a low, definitely fixed figure.

Water power is being used more and more the world over, and the certainty that the cost of coal will continue to increase is inducing Governments to harness their rivers wherever possible. We hear a great deal about the imperative need for developing Australia's great resources. Here is an opportunity of giving Victoria cheap electric power without any cost to the State, and yet the Government halts and hesitates while the Kiewa and Mitta Mitta continue to flow—as they have flowed for centuries—uselessly from the hills.

CATECHISM OF THE WAR—LX

Q.—Could you tell me how many men New Zealand has sent to the front?

A.—To date 88,005 have been sent overseas and 8187 are in camp training. This last figure does not include the permanent officers of the camps or soldiers whose duty keeps them all the time in New Zealand; 472 nurses have been sent to Europe.

Q.—Could you tell me how the interned Germans are treated in England?

A.—According to the reports made by official American visitors before the United States entered the war they were accorded humane treatment. The different commandants have, of course, a good deal of discretion, and some permit visits pretty freely. The treatment accorded is based pretty closely upon that given to internees in Germany. For instance, after it was found that the prisoners were permitted to issue a paper at Ruhleben the same privilege was extended to German internees in England, and so on and so forth. It is now known that, despite the food shortage in the enemy countries, parcels sent to prisoners there containing food are duly delivered, and many of the liberated men declare that it was these food parcels which enabled them to exist in comparative comfort. Probably they would have considered their rations inadequate if they had been obliged to subsist on those given the civilian population. At any rate, we are always assured by British Ministers that, although conditions are perhaps not very good at the moment in England, they are ever so much worse in Germany.

Q.—What happens to the wives and children of the German internees in England?

A.—Many of the women have been sent back to Germany, or have gone to neutral countries. The figures have not been published, but as there are over 30,000 men interned in Great Britain, it is safe to assume that there are at least as many women and children of enemy birth—or married to men of enemy birth in the country. The State makes a small allowance to them, and there has been a good deal of charitable effort on their behalf by Englishmen, and women who realise the awkward position in which they are placed through no fault of their own.

Q.—Is it really true, as stated in a Brisbane paper, that there are 40,000,000 starving people in Germany?

A.—That is obviously incorrect, as if more than half the people were starving Germany would collapse. When people are starved they die! There are probably 40,000,000 hungry people in Germany, but whilst they no doubt feel they want more to eat than they can get, they are a long way from starving yet. We have been told regularly since the war began that the enemy peoples were starving, but they have survived thus far. Shortage there must be, but there is less chance of the Germans starving to-day than there has been since the war began owing to the certainty of peace being made with the Ukraine, and the fact that even if formal peace were not concluded the high prices offered by the Central peoples would inevitably drag supplies from Russia across the unguarded frontiers.

Q.—Supposing a person is born in England of German parents, who have not been naturalised, what would his nationality be?

A.—That question has been answered again and again, and the reply, together with other particulars about nationality, will be found in STEAD'S WAR FACTS, ready on February 25th.

Q.—Is it legal under the Commonwealth Constitution to disfranchise any native born subjects, or would special legislation be required to give the Government this power?

A.—The Constitution says that every adult person who has or may acquire a right to vote at the State elections has the right to vote for both Houses of the Commonwealth Parliament. To disfranchise a citizen who has that right would require the alteration of the Constitution, which, under ordinary circumstances, could not be done without a special referendum. Under the War Precautions Act, however, anything can be done that the Government desires. It would be perfectly possible to introduce conscription under this Act, and as we have seen it was quite possible to disfranchise not only men and women of enemy birth who had been naturalised, and thus admitted to all the rights and responsibilities of citizenship, but also to deprive

people born in Australia, of parents of enemy origin, of the vote, despite the fact that, under the British laws, such persons are regarded as *ipso facto* Britishers.

Q.—Did King George ever sign the Home Rule Bill?

A.—He signed it under the provisions of the Parliament Act on September 18th, 1914. It had not been approved by the Lords, but by virtue of the Parliament Act became law without the consent of the Upper House. The day before he appended his signature however a Suspensory Act was introduced into the House of Commons, and passed through all its stages in both Houses next day. It provided for the suspension of the operation of the Home Rule Act for twelve months from the date of its passing, or if the European war had not then terminated, until such further date, not later than the termination of the war, as may be fixed by Order in Council. King George signed the Welsh Church Act which provided for the disestablishment of the Church of England in Wales on the same day, September 18th, 1914. A Suspensory Act, however, became law on the same day also, its provisions being similar to those of the Home Rule Suspensory Act. Various attempts were made during 1915 to fix the date of disestablishment at six months after the end of the war, but they all failed.

Q.—When did France take Savoy and Nice from Italy?

A.—Napoleon III. acquired these provinces by arrangement with Cavour and the House of Savoy after he had assisted Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia and Savoy, and later of United Italy, to expel the Austrians from Lombardy and Venetia. Nice and Savoy were, in fact, Napoleon's price for giving his consent to the union of the central provinces with the Italian kingdom. The matter was arranged at the Treaty of Turin in 1860, but the cession was made subject to ratification by the Italian Parliament and to the vote of the populations concerned.

Q.—What happened to Napoleon III., after the war of 1870-1871?

A.—He was taken prisoner by the Germans at Sedan on September 2nd, 1870, and was confined by them at Wilhelmshöhe until the conclusion of peace. Ere that happened France had become a republic once more. In March, 1871, he joined the Empress at Chiselhurst, in Kent, where he

died on January 9th, 1873. His son, Eugene—the Prince Imperial—joined the English army, and was killed in the Zulu campaign of 1879. First of all elected President of France in 1848, in 1851 he was re-elected for a term of ten years. After the *coup d'état* in the following year he declared himself Emperor. He was Bonaparte's nephew, his father being the brother and his mother the step-daughter of the great Emperor.

Q.—Did any of the Powers protest against the German violation of Luxembourg?

A.—Apparently not, although actually the treaty they all signed guaranteeing the neutrality of that Duchy was far more explicit than that which in general terms guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium.

Q.—Could you give me the details of the Treaty between Germany and Belgium?

A.—Presumably you mean the Treaty of London 1839, by which the neutrality of the new state of Belgium was guaranteed. Full details of this will be found in STEAD'S WAR FACTS, ready on February 25th.

Q.—Did Germany borrow money from England just before declaring war?

A.—The German Government raised no loans abroad at all. Like Great Britain and France, money required was obtained internally. As a matter of fact France was the only country which was borrowing money shortly before the war for military purposes. The Government there asked for £60,000,000, chiefly to cover the cost of training conscripts for three instead of for two years only. It was defeated, and resigned, and a smaller loan, asked for by the Viviani Government after an election, was very much undersubscribed. Prussia at the same time raised an internal loan of £20,000,000, but for development purposes purely. The raising of loans, by the way, is not regarded with favour by political financiers in Europe, as it is here where loan raising is one of the main occupations of State Treasurers.

Q.—Was the first battle of the western front fought on French or German soil?

A.—The first battle was fought in Belgium, and took the form, after preliminary skirmishing, of a bombardment of Liège forts, which began on August 4th, 1914. On August 7th the French crossed the German frontier west of Belfort and defeated small detachments of German troops. They entered Mulhausen on the

8th, and were compelled to evacuate it on the 9th. The Belgians fought continuous engagements until the Germans entered Brussels on August 20th, hoping all the time the French would come. The first clash between French and German troops in this quarter occurred at Dinant on the Meuse, 18 miles south of Namur, on August 15th. Namur, on whose invincibility the French plan of campaign had been based, fell after two days' bombardment on August 23rd. The British troops crossed the Belgian frontier from France on August 21st, a Friday. During that day and the next they heard the thunder of the guns where French and German were furiously fighting at Charleroi, a few miles to the east. The French resistance here collapsed on the Sunday owing to the fall of Namur, and on the same day the Germans hurled themselves against General French at Mons. The famous retreat began on Monday, August 24th.

Q.—What were the Australian casualties on Gallipoli compared to the total of all forces employed by the Allies?

A.—It was officially stated that up to December 9th, 1915, the total number of British casualties at the Dardanelles was as follows :—

Killed—	
Officers	1,667
Others	24,535
Wounded—	
Officers	3,028
Others	72,781
Missing—	
Officers	350
Others	12,194
A total altogether of ... 114,555	

The Australian casualty lists as published here up to the end of March, 1916, gave the following total :—

Dead—	
Officers	347
Others	6,443
Wounded—	
Officers	262
Others	10,118
Missing—	
Officers	19
Others	1,887
A total altogether of ... 18,666	

If we deduct this from the 114,555 British casualties, we get the losses (95,889), which were sustained by British forces, other than Australian, on the Peninsula. It is reasonable to assume that, as the British losses were five times as great as the Australian, there must have been five times as many British and Indian

troops used on the Peninsula as there were Australian. In addition, there were a large number of French soldiers used at Krithia.

Q.—What proportion of the first Australian Contingent was born in Australia?

A.—As far as can be ascertained the percentage born in Australia was 75. It was higher in later contingents. In the early Canadian contingents only about 30 per cent. of the soldiers had been born in Canada, but in later contingents the proportion had risen to over 60 per cent.

Q.—When enemy shares are sold what becomes of the money?

A.—Ultimately it must go to the enemy shareholder. In cases where shares have been sold much below their real value, some adjustment will certainly have to be made after the war is over. All such matters will be arranged by specially appointed commissions, and probably for years after the war these will be busy all over the world.

Q.—What happens to the enemy holder of a patent which a British subject has obtained permission to use?

A.—That is a matter for post-war settlement. Presumably in the end the enemy holder will get a royalty similar to what he would have received in times of peace.

Q.—Could you tell me the order in which distinctions in the field run, from the highest to lowest, and the annuities attached to same?

A.—The *Victoria Cross* is the only honour which carries an annuity with it. The recipient is entitled to a pension of £10 per annum—providing he is not an officer—and an extra £5 for every clasp. This is the most prized of all awards, and is only given for valour in actual fighting. It gives no precedence, but is worn before all other decorations, and the distinguishing letters V.C. are placed before all other letters, thus :—Earl Roberts, V.C., K.G., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E. It was founded in 1856 to reward “conspicuous bravery or devotion in the presence of the enemy.” Next comes the *Distinguished Service Order*—D.S.O.—founded in 1886, and conferred on commissioned officers only. It ranks after the 4th class of the Royal Victorian Order, the first and second class of which G.C.V.O. and K.C.V.O. receive the honour of knighthood. After this comes the *Military Cross*, instituted in 1915, which is conferred on captains, commissioned officers of a lower grade, warrant officers and Indian and Colonial military

forces. It is worn immediately following the Victoria Cross, and before all other decorations and medals, but after all orders. The *Military Medal* instituted in 1916 is conferred on non-commissioned officers and men and women "for individual or associated acts of bravery on the recommendation of a commander-in-chief on the field." The *Distinguished Conduct Medal*, instituted in 1862, is given to non-commissioned officers and men (in the army only) for "individual acts of distinguished conduct in the field." The *Conspicuous Gallantry Medal*, instituted in 1874, for petty officers and seamen of the Royal Navy for "acts of pre-eminent bravery in action with the enemy." The *Distinguished Service Cross* instituted in 1901, and renamed in 1915, for all officers (including warrant officers) in the navy below the rank of Lieut.-Commander. Last comes the *Distinguished Service Medal*, instituted in 1915, for petty officers, men and boys in the Royal Navy, and awarded when the C.G. Medal would not be applicable.

Q.—Did British, French, German, and other armament firms actually combine to get orders before the war?

A.—You are probably thinking of the famous armament ring which was combined as the Harvey United States Company. It was wound up in 1912. Among the directors were representatives of Vickers Ltd., Wm. Beardmore and Co., Armstrong, Whitworth, and other British firms, the Bethlehem Steel Co. of U.S.A., the Schneider Co. of France, Krupp and Dillingen of Germany, and the Terni Steel Co. of Italy. All these firms held shares and, working amicably together to supply the military and naval requirements of all and sundry, formed a veritable brotherhood in arms!

Q.—Who invented the Westinghouse brake?

A.—George Westinghouse, an American, born in 1846. He has many other inventions to his credit. He took a foremost part in developing gas engines, and adapting the steam turbine to electrical driving.

Q.—Is it a fact that the Kaiser was born with a withered arm?

A.—His right arm is withered. There is a tradition in the Hohenzollern family that the eldest son of the family will never reign unless he happens to be slightly deformed at birth. Frederick, the father of the present Kaiser, broke this tradition, but actually he should not have mounted the

throne of Prussia, as he was the victim of cancer, and would not have been allowed to reign had this been definitely known. Sir Morel Mackenzie, the British physician of the Princess Royal of England, who married Frederick, insisted, however, that it was not cancer at all, though three months after his accession the Emperor died of the disease in great agony.

Q.—Is it true that matches are made in Australia? If so, why have they so greatly increased in price?

A.—Many things are made in Australia, but it usually happens that no matter how heavily they are protected by a tariff or by freight charges, they approximate in selling price to imported goods. The same phenomenon can be observed in almost all protectionist countries. In the case of matches, however, despite the protection they enjoyed, the local-made article could not compete with its foreign rival, and just before the war match making was being abandoned here.

Q.—Could I send a parcel to England containing bacon, butter, sugar and tea?

A.—You would have to obtain permission from the authorities first.

Q.—Is it true that Lloyd George justified Germany for having a powerful army a few months before war broke out?

A.—You probably refer to an interview with him which appeared in *The Daily Chronicle* of January 1st, 1914. Therein he said: "The German army is vital not only to the very life and independence of the nation itself, surrounded as Germany is by other nations, each of which possess armies almost as powerful as her own. We forget that while we insist upon a 60 per cent. superiority as far as our naval strength is concerned over Germany being essential to guarantee the integrity of our own shores, Germany herself has nothing like that superiority over France alone, and she has, of course, in addition, to reckon with Russia on her eastern frontier. Germany has nothing which approximates to a two-power standard." Four years before that he said: "Here is Germany in the middle of Europe with France and Russia on either side, and with a combination of armies greater than hers. Suppose we had against us a possible combination which would lay us open to invasion, suppose Germany and France, or Germany and Russia, or Germany and Austria, had fleets which in combination would be stronger than ours, would we not arm? Of course we would!"

HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

Oh, wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see ousrels as ithers see us.—Burns.

The bitterest things about Russia are appearing, not in enemy or Allied, but in Russian papers. The two reproduced from the Polish *Mucha*, now published in Moscow, are typical. The wonder is that they



Mucha.]

[Moscow.

ENGLAND (to Germany): "No, my fine fellow, you won't get me to listen to your Peace proposals. I am not a Russian!"

were allowed to appear. It shows how completely internal censorship must have been abolished by the Bolsheviks. Imagine a German or Australian paper venturing to publish any cartoon which showed either Germany or England in such a bad light as the *Mucha* does Russia!

Le Rire ridicules the peace aims of the Soviets in the cartoon, showing the Kaiser drawing up regulations for the conduct of the proposed militia. One wonders whether, later on, looking back on these sort of cartoons and articles which match them, we will not be amazed at the attitude which was so hastily taken up towards the Bolsheviks and their ideals and hopes.



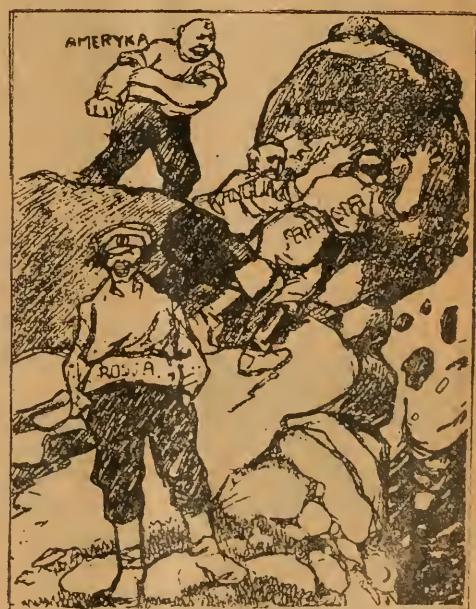
Le Rire.]

(Paris.

THE PEACE IDEALS OF THE SOVIET.

(Art. 15.—General disarmament will take place, accompanied by the creation of a militia system.)

THE KAISER: "What are you laughing at? I am editing for the Soviet the regulations for the Russian militia."



Mucha.]

[Moscow.

AMERICA: "Don't look at the idler, Russia. Let him keep his hands in his empty pockets. The boulder (Germany) will be pushed over the precipice without his help."



Reynolds's Newspaper.]

[London.

THE BEAR LEADER.

THE RUSSIAN EXTREMIST: "Now, dis magic ring vot I haf put thro' your nose is der symbol of liberty! By it I vill lead you to Peace, Prosperity and Paradise!"

All the Allied papers show Russia rendered powerless, the sport and prey of Germany. The three on this page are typical, and depict the British, Italian and American attitude.

It is indeed remarkable to find *The News of the World* picturing the Kaiser on so sound a ship. A year or more ago he would have been shown, not on the deck of a seaworthy steamship, but on a raft, the timbers of which were already gaping apart! The paper further suggests that



The People.]

[London.

TROUBLE(D) BRUIN.

"There is a lion in the way."—Proverbs.

the German offensive against Italy has rescued Austria from other troubles as well as the danger of Italian victory.

La Victoire, in the impressionist style which its artists affect, shows the French reinforcements arriving in Italy, where they recall that under the Great Napoleon and his feeble echo they had defeated the old oppressors of Italy on the very soil where they were now called on to fight them again.

The Manchester Dispatch suggests Turkey's plight owing to the victorious advance of the Allied forces in Mesopotamia and Palestine. Unfortunately, though these side shows of ours have been eminently successful, they have little or no influence on the main operations in Europe.

The action of the United States Government and of Great Britain in further cutting down the supplies of the neutrals has met with a chorus of approval in Allied countries, but, as was only to be expected,



Numero.]

[Turin.

THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

Owing to the precautions of its trainers, the bear offers spectacular but harmless sport for the Teuton hunter.



News of the World.]

[London.

SAVED AGAIN.

KAISER (dolefully): "I can't go on doing this for ever."



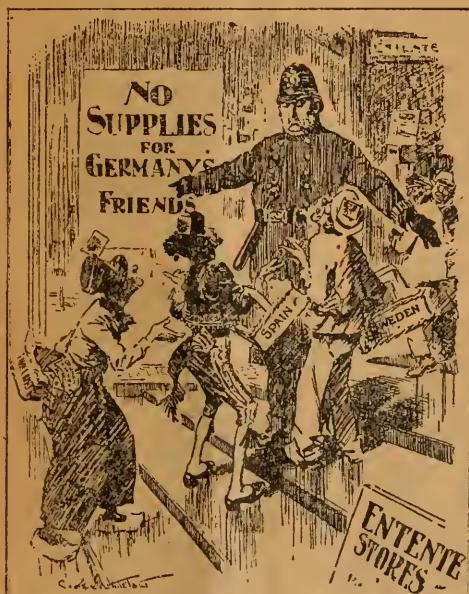
La Victoire.]

IN ITALY.

[Paris.

THE POILU: "I know this country. I have beaten them before, here."

has evoked bitter protests in neutral lands, whose people see themselves reluctantly forced more and more into the arms of Germany, owing to their increasing dependence on her for coal and even food.



The Passing Show.]

[London.

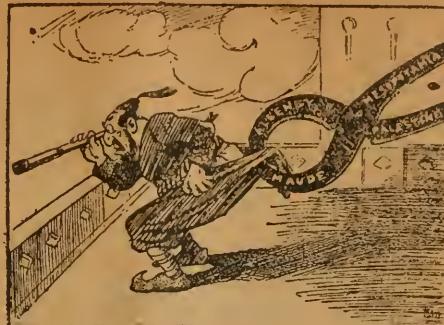
ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

THE "NEUTS.": "Why can't we buy goods at this store?"

JOHN BULL: "Because we must consider our friends first."

THE "NEUTS.": "But we are friends."

JOHN BULL: "H'm, whose friends?"



Dispatch.]

[Manchester.

SINGING SO CHEERILEE—

"Allies, where art thou?"

La Victoire makes the German gaoler of Alsace and Lorraine say that, although he will never surrender the provinces to France, he fully expects that they will be taken from him by force.



De Amsterdamer.]

[Amsterdam.

CABLE COMMUNICATION VIA ENGLAND HAS BEEN STOPPED.

FRITZ: "Good! That is the best way to turn Holland against you."



La Victoire.]

[Paris.

"Von Kuhlmann is right—we will never surrender Alsace-Lorraine. They will have to be taken from us in the end."



Evening Telegram.] [New York.
THE LATEST GOOSE STEP.

There is less in the cartoon papers about peace than usual, but hardly one of them

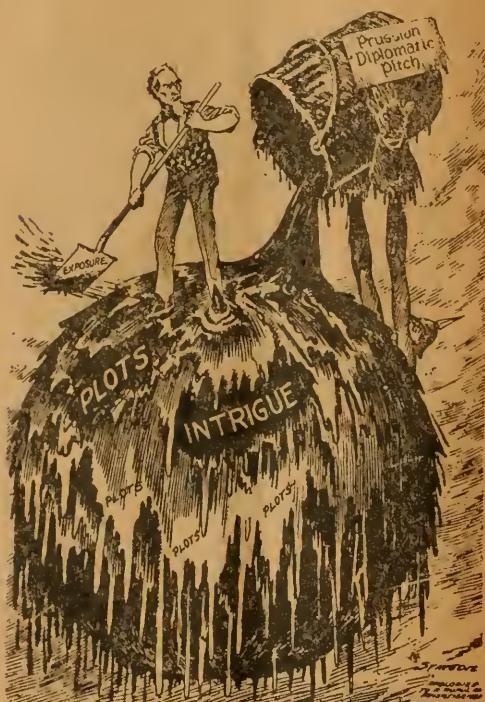


London Opinion.]
DIA-BOLO.

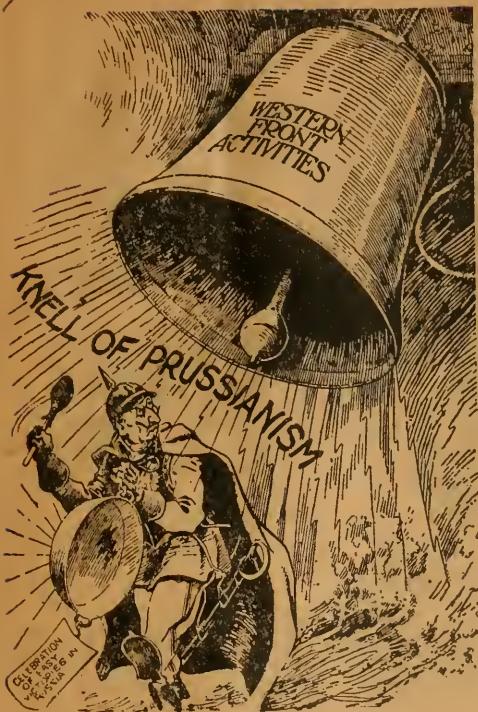
but has something or other upon what is now known as "Boloism." In England *The Daily Mail* and other papers have been carrying on a veritable campaign in the matter, which must have seriously embarrassed the authorities at times no doubt, for ill-directed zeal is sometimes almost as bad as Boloism itself owing to the way in which it stirs up unnecessary trouble.

Mr. Reene has been drawing some vigorous pictures for the *N.Y. Evening Telegram*. His "Latest Goose Step" is typical of his work.

Stinson's "He Can't Drown It," in *The Dayton News*, has a good counter in the cartoon published in *The London Evening News*, entitled, "Signs of Victory." It is, unfortunately, only too true that headlines suggest glorious successes about which the cables themselves fail to tell. Stinson's cartoon is, of course, a far nicer one than that of *The Evening News*, but which is the most accurate?



News.] [Dayton, Ohio.
IT COVERS THE EARTH.

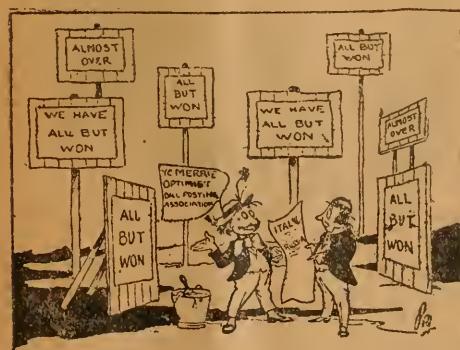


News.]

[Dayton]

[Dayton, Ohio.]

The Montreal Star shows the manner in which the enemy submarine campaign is being defeated, but the United States will have to turn out considerably more than



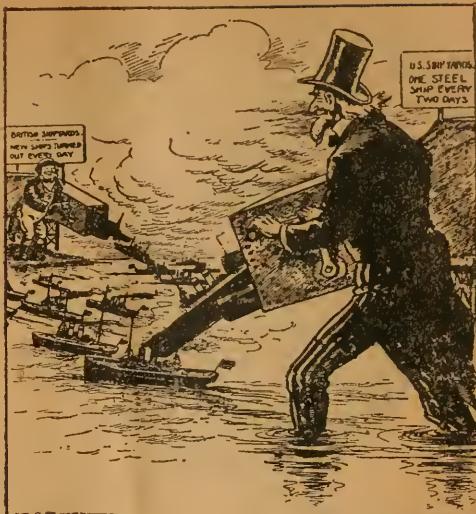
Evening News.]

[London.]

SIGNS OF VICTORY.

JOHN CITIZEN (reading): "I can see no signs of victory here!"

YE MERRIE OPTIMIST: "No, not in the news, but you can see on the hoardings. I've been posting 'em up everywhere."



Star.] [Montreal.
WHY GERMANY'S SUBMARINE CAMPAIGN
• MUST FALL.

"one steel ship every two days" if the fight is to be won.

Reene, in *The Evening Telegram*, is unkind enough to suggest that it pays the farmer well to be patriotic—at the expense of the poor consumer—when it costs only 3/- to produce a bushel of wheat, and the market price is 9/-.



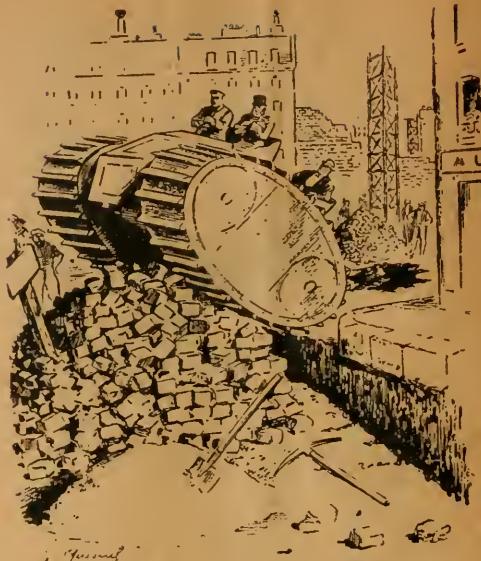
Evening Telegram.] (New York.
THE "PAY" IN PATRIOTISM.

*Evening Telegram.]*

(New York.

MUZZLED.

The same artist shows the German press muzzled, and thus unable to tell the real

*Le Péle-Méle.]*

[Paris.

THE TANKS IN PEACE TIME.

As it is certain that after the war is over the digging up of the streets of Paris will continue uninterruptedly as formerly, tanks would come in very useful to get about the city in.

truth about the war. Other countries have muzzles, too !

*Le Rire.]*

[Paris.

"I say, waiter, I want to read the news, and the man over there has had the paper for over an hour."

"Yes, sir, I know; ever since that paper went up to twopence he always makes a point of reading it through twice."

*London Opinion.*

HARRY (just out): "Listen, Bill! Sounds like ole Fritz comin' over in the mud—squish, squish, squish."

BILL: "That's orl right—that's only the Americans further up a-chewin' their gum rations."

RUSSIA FROM WITHIN.

Mr. Ernest Poole contributes to *The Saturday Evening Post* the first of a series of articles on Russia. He dwelt in Petrograd during the troublous weeks and months which followed the Revolution, and quietly observed all that went on. He was in touch with all the leaders of the various parties, and got a real insight into the feelings of the people themselves by excursions into the remoter districts, but he frankly confesses that to understand the Revolution one must first of all learn all about Russia. Every time he returned to the capital after a visit to Moscow, smaller towns or lonely little villages, he felt he had a better understanding of the deep, surging forces which were at work.

The peasant is, in his opinion, the dominating factor in the situation. His presence could be felt everywhere. He is the great foundation on which the whole massive structure rests, and the peasant, until now inarticulate, is at last beginning to make himself heard. Mr. Poole wrote before the gathering forces of the Bolsheviks had deposed M. Kerensky and compelled the creation of a purely socialistic Government which he had consistently refused to consider.

In Petrograd it was hard to say just where was the real Government. It had so many different parts, and many of these were outside the rambling government buildings. In order to understand them all one point must first be made clear—that the governing powers in Russia were striving to control and direct both a war and a revolution; and the needs of the two were directly opposed. From the one side the Revolution clamoured for freedom from all discipline and from heavy taxes; freedom of speech and assembly; freedom for every faction to further its own favourite plan for the building of the new nation.

In crisis after crisis, says Mr. Poole, Kerensky managed to compromise, formed a new Ministry, struggled on somehow. All the summer his hold was precarious, his Government in a stormy sea. At no time could it have been called a Government of the people. Among the Russian peasants Kerensky's Ministry gained very slight support. He thus describes the late Prime Minister:

Who is Kerensky? Born in a Russian family of the petty nobility, his boyhood was spent in a large town down on the lower Volga. He became a lawyer. Deeply sympathetic with the cause of Russian freedom, during the years of wholesale arrests that followed the revolutionary attempt

of 1905, at the risk of his own career he ably defended in court many revolutionists. He was an eloquent pleader; his name became known in radical circles; and by the outbreak of the war he was in the Russian Duma, representing the most moderate of the socialist parties. When the Revolution came, last spring, he was made Minister of Justice in the first administration. For months he had helped to organise in cities and towns throughout the land local councils of workmen and soldiers; and now, as in Petrograd, as the power of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies grew, and things came to an open clash between them and the more conservative forces, again and again he patched up a truce; and with his success his power increased till he became head of the Government.

"How long will Kerensky live?" was a question heard on every hand. A delicate man in his thirties, for some time he had suffered from a grave kidney trouble that made his life but a question of years or even months. High-strung, and with a deep passion for the Revolution he drove himself all summer, literally day and night, snatching a few hours' sleep here and there—in the Winter Palace at Petrograd, on a train, or somewhere down at the front. He had to resort to the constant use of morphine and other stimulants. Time and again in his speeches he fainted, was brought back to consciousness, and finished what he had to say. His endurance was phenomenal.

He may not have been the best man for the place, but there was no one else in sight. At a time of endless jealousies and suspicions on all sides, all factions and all parties knew Kerensky to be sincere. He was the man to whom the soldiers and workmen were most ready to listen. Forced by Russia's urgent needs, he instinctively drew away from the extreme Revolutionists, and strove more and more to strengthen the liberal and practical and constructive elements within and without the Government. But the Cadets, that is to say, the Constitutional Democrats, under the leadership of Miliukoff, were more or less opposed to the present Government. So, too, were the professors, doctors, lawyers, factory owners, business men, who ardently supported the Revolution at the start, but, when they saw it go beyond all bounds according to their way of thinking, dropped away from the Government.

At the time I left Russia all the bourgeois factions might have been divided into two parts—the minority, who still believed in supporting the administration; and the majority, who, with Miliukoff, believed the Kerensky Government was hopeless until it freed itself from the domination of the

Council of Workmen and Soldiers, and who were, therefore, waiting for the inevitable crash; after which, they said, they should be ready to come in and build a real democracy along safe, liberal, practical lines.

There were many Cadets and other Liberals, however, who felt it dangerous to stand off and let the Government fall for lack of practical aid. He considers that in the end the Moderates will win out, so that the manner in which the Bolsheviks seized control must have rather surprised him. The attitude that the peasants took up was that the cities should cease their turbulence and settle down in their factories to produce the clothing, the shoes, the tools, the ploughs, and the other things which the peasant needs in his daily life. "If your workmen won't produce these things, we will no longer sell our food." In brief, he says, the peasants were on strike against the striking working men.

The peasants want the land, and that will in the end be the deciding factor. They are ill-organised, and at present cannot make their influence felt anything like as much as can the factory workers and soldiers. But in the end numbers will tell. One of the Bolsheviks, explaining his attitude to Mr. Poole, said:

"We don't want a mere political revolution," he said. "We want the peasants to get the land, and the workers to get the factories and mines and mills—at least in the large industries. And for this we work from the bottom up, organising the men in the factories and arming thousands of them with guns. We are already in full control of some large munition factories. We know what rifles and munitions are turned out and where they go. In the plant where I work we have put out the owners and are running it ourselves, under a manager of our own."

"For the present we are not against leaving the army at the front. But we are against an offensive; for we are in close touch every week with our comrades over in Germany, and we are sure that the radical wing of the German socialists already has the majority of the rank and file of the party behind it. They'll have a revolution there not later than March or April; and that is what we are waiting for. Meantime we want the Kaiser and the Junkers left in full control, for they will rouse in the Germans the bitterness that is needed. This isn't just a Russian affair. We want to see the Junkers in Germany and Austria and France and England, and everywhere else, put out of business! A year from now the fellows who are shouting 'Go on with the war!' will be saying, 'We've gone far enough! We want peace!' But the rest of us won't be pacifists then: we'll go right on till the job is done!"

"Sooner or later," he told me, "we are going to force the council here to put in an All-Socialist Government. We are ready to take all the blame for anything that may happen. What we want is the chance. We are losing it now; we are putting off all big reforms. If we wait until the end of the war, or the opening of the Assembly, the bourgeois meantime will get into power more and more."

"Already the landowners are beginning to organise to try to split the peasant vote by lining up the more prosperous ones, who are little landowners. But we are getting busy too. We are raising a campaign fund of two million roubles; and already, from each factory where our organisation is strong, we have sent out two speakers to work through all the villages. And the joke of it is, we are strong enough to make the factory bosses keep on paying wages to those men. They are supporting our village campaign. We are making the bourgeois of the towns put up the money to destroy the bourgeois in the country!"

That is probably a very fair statement of the general ideals of those who at the moment are in precarious control of Russia. On the whole, the people he talked with were in favour of carrying on the war, but there were other things they felt to be even more important. He asked one peasant what he thought of the law allowing women to vote. He smiled indifferently, and said:

"It will make no difference. Our women are not thinkers. They have had no education at all, and will do exactly as we say."

I looked at him and wondered whether his future would be as smooth as that.

"Our men are ignorant, too," he went on. "They all need education. We must begin with our small boys. What we need is schools of farming."

Then he looked about him, frowning and uncertain. He had come here to protest, he said, against the Bolsheviks. It was high time they quit their talk. All workmen must go back to work and make the things the peasants need.

"If they don't," he said, "we'll let them starve."

If indeed that is the attitude that is going to be taken up by the peasants, we may be quite certain there will be grievous fighting in Russia, for the workmen are more likely to attempt to seize food than to go back to work with the prospect of getting it later on, for we have to remember they are hungry.

In his interesting, though rather scrappy, article, Mr. Poole pays a great tribute to good old Prince Krapotkin, whose venerable figure used to be so familiar to us in London,

Many such men in Petrograd, harassed by countless perplexities, often during the summer months would go for aid and counsel to a simple frame house in a garden out

on the edge of the city, where lived one of the great quiet figures of the Revolution, Peter Krapotkin, the prince who fifty years ago lost his title and fortune in championing the people's cause. He has spent his life in exile. Last spring he returned to Russia; and like most of the old revolutionists, Tschaikovsky, "Babushka" and the rest, he has made his powerful influence felt for moderation, sanity and union of all factions. Though now nearly eighty years of age, his courage and his vision are as clear and vigorous as before. He refused Kerensky's request that he take a place in the Ministry; but again and again Kerensky, Prince Lvoff, and many others, both socialists and bourgeois, came out to this quiet old garden and there renewed their hope and faith. Krapotkin's voice has been steadily for continuing the war until the German autocracy shall be overthrown from within or without.

"Both for the war and the Revolution," he told me, "Russia needs all her ablest men in the service of the Government. There must be coalition and a united country, first to drive the war through to the end, and meantime to be building a new democracy here that will stand. We must not split on this problem of land. The big estates must surely go; but we must work out for the owners of land some system of indemnification through taxes to be paid by all. These taxes must be so arranged that year by year all big fortunes will gradually disappear. We cannot reach equality at a bound, but the work must be begun at once."

He had little patience with those Cadets who stood aloof, awaiting a crash; but he was a patient father confessor to those who were trying to pull Russia through. Perhaps others will learn the lesson this winter and will give prompt and strong support to the next real Russian Government that rises out of the chaos to-day. It is danger-

ous for Russia that so many of her ablest sons stand by and await calamities which may become so terrible that in the reaction afterward a new autocracy may arise.

We must not forget, he says, that there are in Russia many who would welcome the restoration of the Tsar. The civil servants of the old *regime* remain, for the most part, as it was impossible to send them away, for had this been done, the whole machinery of Government would have entirely collapsed.

Some of these men are Liberals, but many are for the old *regime*, and would welcome back an autocracy that would be more friendly to Berlin than any Bolshevik shouters for an early peace.

But I doubt that these reactionaries will have their opportunity; for not only have more and more Liberals come to the Government's support, but among the Socialists themselves the power of the extremists has been surely on the decline. For this very reason the Bolsheviks have risen in a last desperate effort. What success they will have no man can tell; but from all I saw in Russia it seems to me inevitable that the increasing forces of liberal democracy, both socialist and bourgeois, must rise again and seize control.

In conclusion, he says:

The Russian Revolution is not a matter of months but of years; it has many voices still unheard; and there must be many changes still, until a government is formed of, by and for that mighty throng of a hundred and eighty millions, in cities, towns and villages, in Russia, vast and turbulent, still filled with a seething chaos of gloom, despair and fierce revolt, of hopes and stirring visions, dreams for the future of the Slavs and the entire human race.

SCANDINAVIA AND THE WAR.

Christian L. Lange, who was one of the delegates to represent Norway at the Hague Peace Conference in 1907, contributes an interesting article to *The Atlantic Monthly* on the attitude the three Scandinavian countries have adopted towards the war. He says that it is generally assumed that Denmark, Norway and Sweden are closely united, but there are important differences between the three nations. Before the war, however, a feeling of solidarity was undoubtedly growing up, and that has been greatly intensified by this frightful struggle. It was early decided by all three that a policy of neutrality was indispensable. Only by keeping out of the struggle was it possible to avoid internecine warfare in Scandinavia. He says:—

If the Scandinavian nations have adopted a policy of strict neutrality, the chief rea-

son is to be found in the fact just mentioned, that every other policy would in all probability have brought about inter-Scandinavian war; at any rate, this was so during the first three years.

Another reason for this action, says Mr. Lange, is that none of the three kingdoms has any territorial ambition whatever.

It is true that there is a Danish irredenta in North Schleswig, and to a certain extent there may perhaps be said to be a Swedish irredenta in Finland; but in neither of these two countries is national sentiment prepared to take a war in order to obtain satisfaction for these desires—in so far as they exist. War would entail perpetual enmity with powerful neighbouring empires; the consequence of liberation of these territories through war would be to impose on Denmark and Sweden respectively enormous burdens for military expense, and probably their permanent allegiance to a certain group of powers; and, what is of paramount

importance, the two countries would then belong to different groups of powers, and Scandinavian solidarity would become compromised beyond remedy.

No one can, in his opinion, be absolutely neutral. Sympathy must be for one side or the other. In Denmark, he says, the national feeling is overwhelmingly anti-German. This is owing to the seizure of North Schleswig by Prussia in 1866, but, he says that two-thirds of this province is purely German, and the Danish grievance, therefore, applies only, from the racial point of view, to a third of Schleswig, called South Jutland by the Danes. Here some 200,000 Danes have been subjected for more than fifty years to an exceedingly hard and illiberal rule, Prussian administration in its most odious form.

On the other hand, very intimate economic relations had been developed between Denmark and Great Britain. During the last few decades the Danish peasant with great ability has transformed his country from a cornfield into a dairy farm. He has industrialised agriculture, and has made of Denmark the pantry of London and of industrial England. The outbreak of war fanned the anti-German sentiment in Denmark into a hot flame, but there was no question of taking part in the war. On the contrary, absolute neutrality became the watchword.

The Danish Government has shown high ability both in its interior and in its foreign policy. With great foresight it effected an arrangement at the very beginning of the war with the two leading antagonists, England and Germany, which allowed the Danish export to each of these two countries to continue according to the same ratio as before the war. The blockade policy and the more and more stringent rationing of the neutrals on the part of England and America has of course caused great inconvenience to Denmark, but there are no signs that this has modified the dominant feelings with regard to the war. On the contrary, the cruelty of German submarine war has rather intensified the anti-German sentiment.

He explains the pro-German tendency of Danish socialism on the ground that the pronounced anti-Germanism of the classes in Denmark inclined the masses to adopt the other point of view, and as all Continental social democracy is more or less of German origin, the socialist is less opposed to Germany than the ruling classes.

At bottom there can be no doubt as to dominant feeling in Denmark on the war: it is on the side of the Allies. But the exposed situation of the country, its weak military defence, would make it so easy a

prey to an attack from the south, that there is practically no disposition whatever to take part in the war. The trophy that might seduce the Danish nation, the re-union of 200,000 Danes, hardly anyone thinks it possible to obtain by war. South Jutland won through war would mean enduring enmity with Germany. This Denmark cannot risk. Her hope is that the settlement after the war might entail, as an application of new principles of International Law, the re-entry of the Danes of Schleswig into the Danish political community.

Norway, he says, is strongly pro-Ally, none of the political parties there inclining at all towards the Central Powers. Intimate economic connections existed not only with western countries, but also with Germany. Hamburg was indeed the emporium for Norwegian commerce and colonial produce, and ship building, one of the staple industries of Norway, got its chief material, iron plates, from German factories. Religious feelings and scientific life got their inspiration from Germany, and yet despite all this the Norwegians have, ever since the war began, been pronouncedly in favour of the Allies.

But, as in the case of Denmark, there was no disposition to enter the war. Norway is absolutely without any territorial ambition, so its participation would have been exclusively an expression of its conviction as to the rights and wrongs of the conflict. Bigger powers hesitated before such a decision. There is no doubt that in the case of Norway entry into the war would have entailed terrible hardship and misery on the country, while no appreciable advantage would have accrued to the Allies.

Norway has a large fleet. Her tonnage per head of the population is greater than that of any other country in the world, and it was inevitable therefore that serious conflicts would arise both with Germany and with England.

The stringency of the blockade declared by the latter power has entailed serious inconvenience both to exports and imports, no less than to the shipping interests. This could hardly but create irritation against the blockading power, at any rate in the circles most concerned, shippers and merchants. But this feeling never spread to the people at large, although they felt the consequences of the long delays of Norwegian ships in foreign ports, in the form of inflated prices on all foreign goods—a most serious fact in a country so dependent on oversea imports as Norway. The pro-Ally sentiment was not abated, even when England, in consequence of some disagreement with the Norwegian Government, stopped the import of coal and coke to the country, certainly a drastic measure during the cold season.

The submarine warfare of Germany, on the other hand, which has resulted in the

death of some 700 Norwegian sailors and the loss of valuable tonnage, has caused resentment against Germany to run very high. Mr. Lange mentions that as the ships are all insured the shipowners themselves are only affected by the sinkings owing to the fact that they cannot replace the ships they lose.

Sweden is anti-Russian, or, at any rate, was so for the first three years of the war. Prior to the outbreak of the conflict Sweden had passed through a fierce conflict over problems of military preparedness, and a popular movement had been engineered by the Conservatives, backed by the king himself, the object of which was to form a Government whose only task should be the reorganisation of the defences of the country.

When war broke out, fear of Russia rose to its highest pitch. An attack on North Sweden was generally anticipated, especially by the higher classes. It did not take place, but the fears had been so strong that the political consequences were quite as important as if it had come. The whole of the landed aristocracy, of the court, of the higher administration, of the military and naval officers, not only declared their sympathies for Germany, but openly advo-

cated what they called an active neutrality, active in the interest of Germany as against Russia and the democratic powers of Western Europe.

Cleverly conducted German propaganda had great influence in Sweden, and at one time the Government so dreaded being dragged into the struggle that it concluded an arrangement with Norway stipulating that if either of the countries were implicated in the war this should under no circumstances whatever involve hostilities between them. But the real fear was always Russia, and therefore when the revolution occurred at Petrograd, promising independence for the Finns, it had a marked effect in Sweden. Whether the troubles which are now occurring in Finland will have their effect on Swedish policy remains to be seen. In conclusion, Mr. Lange says:

Several of our best minds hope and believe that, if the Scandinavian countries succeed in maintaining to the end their neutrality in the war, they may perhaps in future serve as a common meeting ground for efforts toward a wider international co-operation, perhaps as an intermediary in the exchange of scientific and industrial, of artistic and literary experiences, which, during the first years of resentment, it will perhaps not be possible to arrange through direct channels.

THE STRONG MEN OF ENGLAND.

Mr. Arnold Bennett discusses in *The Daily News* the question as to who are the most powerful men in England to-day. "Is Mr. Lloyd George one of them? Not he!" The Prime Minister, says Mr. Bennett, has gradually dropped into the position of being the spokesman and apologist of the most powerful men. The most powerful men are not the oratorical opportunists, but those who dictate the policy of the country. By policy, he does not mean merely the military policy, the quarrels between Easterners and Westerners, though momentous, are comparatively trifling. "I mean the whole policy of the country, including the domestic policy which in war, no matter what any War Office may say, is always in the end more important than the military policy." In his opinion the most powerful men in England to-day are Lord Northcliffe, Lord Milner and Sir Edward Carson.

Having thus given his judgment he proceeds to discuss other men who are prominently in the public eye. Who is the Minister most hated by the real rulers, he says? Mr. Churchill. And why? Because, though a Winstonian, he is a Democrat, and has never been forgiven for discovering that he had been born in the wrong camp.

Why is Mr. Bonar Law Chancellor of the Exchequer? Mr. Bonar Law has acquitted himself very well during the war; he has made the most of his talents; nobody, however, can pretend that he is a strong man, or that he is the best available Chancellor of the Exchequer. But his sympathies are all anti-democratic. And he is malleable; he can be controlled; the men who use him could eat him without suffering from indigestion, and that is why he is where he is.

For the same reason, sundry Labour members are in the Government. It is certain that some of them were carefully picked for their—shall I say?—elasticity. And it is equally certain that when one of them proved not to be elastic, he was immediately given the sack. The success of the real rulers in dealing with the alleged representatives of Labour may be judged from the recent reported declaration of Mr. Hodge in favour of autocracy.

But his comments on the Secretary of State for War are even more disparaging. Why, he asks, is Lord Derby at the War Office? and answers his own question as follows:

He is there because it suits the strong controlling men to have a weak and anti-democratic figurehead at the War Office. Lord Derby cannot help his defects, though he could have helped accepting a portfolio. The inefficiency of Lord Derby is notorious.

It is never denied anywhere, by either friends or foes. It is accepted like the weather in all Government circles. Yet we are, I believe, at war; and if efficiency is anywhere needed, it is needed in the supreme head of the War Office.

But when he comes to make suggestions as to who could better fill the post, his choice must horrify most of his readers, for he actually suggests that Lord Haldane would be the best War Minister for the present crisis! He says:

And if I am asked whom I would have at the War Office instead of Lord Derby, I say there are a hundred available men better than he, and, chief among them, Lord Haldane. "Good God!" cry the deluded. "Lord Haldane! Surely you wouldn't put him back! He is impossible!" Why is he impossible? Who made him impossible? If he is impossible, he was made so by the unscrupulous and fundamentally pro-German intrigue of the forces now represented by the War Cabinet. Lord Haldane is far less Prussian by conviction or

by connections than either Lord Milner or Lord Northcliffe.

Lord Haldane's abilities are held in the highest esteem at the War Office. If I was at liberty to do so, I could quote, textually, giving places and dates, opinions stated to me personally by the highest officials at the War Office to the effect that Lord Haldane was the best Minister the War Office ever had.

I say it is an absolute scandal that Lord Haldane should be kept idle while a man like Lord Derby, simply because he belongs to the governing set, fritters the precious days away at the War Office. And I say, further, that there is at bottom only one reason for this condition of affairs: Lord Haldane is a democrat.

There can be no doubt at all that the work Lord Haldane did at the War Office before the war proved of immense value, and his much-criticised Territorials did actually provide just that nucleus for a great army which he contemplated when substituting them for the old volunteers.

A POLYGLOT EMPIRE.

Whenever we hear the polyglot Empire spoken of we immediately think of Austria, but recent happenings have shown that the old Empire of the Tsar equally deserved the name. We had, most of us at any rate, come to regard this vast State as being peopled by men and women of the same race, speaking the same language, having the same ideals and aspirations, all Russian Slavs. The Revolution has demonstrated us entirely wrong, for the moment the iron hand of the Tsar's central government was removed, Russia flew automatically into fragments, and, for the first time, the rest of the world realised that the Empire of the Great White Tsar had been carved by the sword and was kept together by the sword.

Mr. T. Lothrop Stoddard contributes a brief historical sketch of Russia to *The American Review of Reviews*, which gives some idea of the different elements which went to form the Tsardom, and tells how province after province was brought under the sceptre of the Tsar. He says:

Like all great empires, the beginnings of modern Russia were humble and obscure. Russia's germ-cell was the small principality of Moscow that, towards the close of the Middle Ages, arose in the centre of those vast East European plains which are the historical home of the Russian race. The principality of Moscow was only one of several Russian States which lay exposed to the devastations of the Tartars, Asiatic nomads, who from their seats in South-

Eastern Russia terrorised the whole country with their savage raids. The little principality of Moscow, however, produced a line of able rulers who performed the double task of breaking the Tartar yoke and uniting all the petty Russian States into a single realm—Muscovy—of which they took the title of "Tsars." They also laid the foundations of Greater Russia by encouraging Russian adventurers to cross the Ural Mountains and occupy the uninhabited Siberian plains to the Pacific.

Up to the time of Peter the Great, however, the dominions of the Tsar were for the most part inhabited by Russians. True, Peter found himself master of a great territory, but one without any outlet to the sea, one surrounded on every side by hostile States and peoples. The, at that time powerful, kingdoms of Sweden and Poland systematically prevented Russia's intercourse with the civilised West in order to keep her backward and weak. Peter altered all that. He broke the power of Sweden and wrenched from her the Baltic provinces, and thus got that window to the outside world Russia so much needed for her natural development. Peter was a true Empire builder, for he transformed Russia from an inefficient Oriental despotism into a centralised European State.

Thenceforth Russia's expansion was rapid. During the eighteenth century nearly the whole of Poland was annexed, the last Tartar Khanates of South Russia were conquered, and the Black Sea was changed from a Turkish to a Russian lake.

During the nineteenth century the acquisition of Finland from Sweden enlarged Russia's Baltic seaboard, the annexation of Transcaucasia clinched Russia's mastery of the Black and Caspian seas, the conquest of Central Asia brought the Russian frontiers to the crest of the Himalayas overlooking India, while at the very close of the century the occupation of Manchuria opened up visions of a Russian-controlled China shattered only by the Russo-Japanese War. That disastrous conflict did not, however, entirely stop Russian encroachments upon China, for by 1914 the Chinese dependency of Mongolia was a veiled Russian protectorate, while Russian influence was predominant in Chinese Turkestan. Thus, at the outbreak of the European War, Russia presented the spectacle of a mighty and ever-expanding empire with a strong, despotic government backed by millions of brave and devoted soldiers.

Outwardly uniform, only the core of this gigantic Empire was truly Russia. Here lived 60,000,000 Great Russians, occupying territory from Kursk in the south to Archangel in the north, from Pinsk in the west to the Urals in the east. Over a hundred and twenty millions of people of widely differing races, but owning the sway of the Tsars, dwelt around this core. Now, however, Finland and Poland, the Ukraine and Caucasia, Kazan and Astrakan, Lithuania and the Baltic provinces, Turkestan and Samarkand, Bokara and Khiva, and all the various districts of Central Asia, are setting up independent governments, are endeavouring to rule themselves. If they succeed, Muscovy will be again isolated, and have but a precarious outlet to the world at Petrograd and a window at Archangel frozen up for half the year.

Mr. Stoddard considers that the Russian revolutionaries would have no objection to Finland and Poland setting themselves up as separate States, but the Ukraine would be a different matter altogether. He says:

The thorniest of Russia's racial problems is undoubtedly that of "Little Russia," or the "Ukraine." The Little Russians (who prefer to be called "Ukrainians") differ from the Great Russians in language and culture fully as much as the Dutch do from the Germans. Had the Russian Government granted them local autonomy and respected their language and customs, there seems little doubt that the Ukrainians would today be loyal citizens of the Russian State, especially when it is remembered that the great divider of East European peoples—religious schism—is here absent, both Great and Little Russians being Greek Orthodox in faith.

As a matter of fact, however, the old Tsarist Government tried for centuries to make the Ukrainians into Great Russians, while the middle-class "Liberals" who controlled the Dumas after the inauguration of

Russian parliamentary life in 1905, showed themselves as imperialistic and intolerant towards the Ukrainians as the Tsarist bureaucrats had ever been. All this has embittered the Ukrainians, and makes them doubt the possibility of safeguarding their racial identity within the boundaries of the Russian State. On the other hand, the Ukraine geographical position, lying as it does between North Russia and the Black Sea, would render it impossible for even the most democratic Russia to view with equanimity the severance of the Ukraine from the Russian political body.

He has some truthful things to say concerning the characteristics of the Russians in general.

The average Great Russian displays a personal kindness, tolerance, and charity towards his fellow-men shown by few other peoples. He also possesses to a marked degree the sense of democracy and the spirit of co-operation. Of course, there is another side to the shield. The mystical strain in the Russian makes him prone to a blind devotion to cherished ideals which frequently degenerates into wild fanaticism, while his primitive emotional nature betrays him into bursts of savage cruelty in striking contrast to his usually mild and good-tempered behaviour. The dense ignorance of the Russian masses (only a small minority of whom are literate) makes Russia a fertile breeding-ground for fantastic and utopian doctrines involving possibly disastrous consequences. Most serious of all, the Russian has never displayed that political efficiency which is so prominent a characteristic of Anglo-Saxon peoples. In small local associations which rest upon personal contacts, like village councils or workingmen's societies, the Russian does remarkably well, but in larger groupings such as political parties or parliamentary bodies he shows an inability for consistent team-play or common-sense compromise, and betrays a tendency to anarchy. This lack of political efficiency seems, indeed, to have been common to all Slav peoples throughout history, and has been the cause of many of their worst misfortunes.

Mr. Stoddard gives some particulars of Russia's enormous resources. No fewer than 257,000,000 acres are devoted to the growing of cereals, 11,000,000 acres to potatoes, 5,500,000 to flax and hemp, whilst 96,000,000 acres of well watered meadow land support 72,000,000 sheep, 52,000,000 cattle, 35,000,000 horses, and 15,000,000 pigs. Such ignorance of farming is shown however, such antiquated methods are employed, such inefficiency is apparent everywhere that the Russian peasant is usually poor and threatened with chronic starvation. Handicapped as she is, Russia is yet one of the greatest agricultural countries of the world. With American—or German—scientific methods her productivity could undoubtedly be doubled—probably ere long it will be.

BROOMS AND BRUSHES.

Mr. Frederick A. Talbot has been contributing a most informative series of articles on "How Britain Went to War" to *The World's Work*. In these he has given particulars about the immense orders received by British firms, and has dealt at length with the requirements of a gigantic modern army. In his twelfth article he touches on what he calls "Odds and Ends for Tommy." Directly we begin to look into the supplies required for the army, no matter how insignificant the article may appear, we are amazed by the huge quantities needed, and find in almost every case how dependent Great Britain was on enemy countries in the manufacture of articles wanted by Tommy. In normal times the army needed 738,000 brushes and brooms per annum. It now requires 21,875,000! To make the brooms and brushes needed in times of peace the broom handles were imported from Norway, the bristles from Russia and China, via Germany, but for the most part the complete article was obtained in Germany or Belgium. Germany sent Great Britain 686,579 dozen; Belgium sent 500,277 dozen, and France 249,546 dozen; but Japan sent no less than 289,259 dozen, chiefly in the nature of cheap tooth-brushes. China and Russia are the world's two providers of bristles. In China and Siberia the hog is raised purely for these. In Russia it was the custom to dispose of the bristles at the great Nijni Novgorod fair. At that famous emporium bristles were sold in a raw condition, and the Germans took most of the supply, dressing the bristles in Germany, where our manufacturers obtained them.

Directly the war began the War Office asked for 8,000,000 brushes, but it was soon found that the rigid patterns and specifications demanded by the military had to be modified.

The necessity to go to Russia to purchase the bristles direct had the effect of switching us to China and India for supplies of this article until such time as the former situation had been relieved. Our purchases from the East were heavy and went forward merrily until the notorious "Emden" got busy among shipping in the Eastern Seas. The brief liveliness of this corsair inspired a feeling of anxiety upon this side, and also one of nervousness among the shippers out East, the result being that supplies suffered interference for a time. But to-day all potential sources of supply are keeping us well fed with our needs.

It is reckoned that three or four brushes to-day go only as far as one in times of peace, and the pressure on the brush trade is still heavy. The initial difficulties have, however, been overcome, and proper machinery has been introduced.

Unfortunately, here again we had been content to rely upon a dangerous reed. The greater part of the machinery was of Teuton design and origin. As the plant was being imposed to unprecedentedly hard and continuous work, the question of repairs and spare parts assumed an ominous aspect, inasmuch as the German shops were naturally shut off. But the British manufacturers, under the encouragement extended by the authorities, immediately took up the issue, rushed out designs for plant capable of fulfilling the work, and succeeded to such a striking degree that to-day we are quite independent of Germany; British manufacturers are able to supply every kind of machine used in the industry, the effect of which will be fully experienced by the enemy when he once again reverts to trading and essays to secure the world's market for cheap brushes.

Another industry which has been galvanised into furious life is that which concerns itself with the production of baskets and wickerwork articles.

The Thames Valley is the cradle of this craft, which is followed by both men and women, while even the more mature children of the family are able to extend appreciable assistance. In pre-war days the contribution of this industry to the exigencies of the military was comparatively insignificant, but now it has risen to striking proportions, hundreds, even thousands, of baskets of some sort or description being required where formerly tens sufficed.

The cases for carrying shells for field guns are all made of basket work. Each basket is designed to carry two shells. The British practice, in this respect, differs from the German.

Seeing that these baskets are not removed from the limbers, their life is relatively long. British practice differs from that embraced by the enemy, whose shells for the field artillery are, or at all events were, packed in the baskets and transported to the field depot to be stacked in the open, the basket being discarded after it had been emptied, although it was subsequently retrieved for further use if the conditions permitted. Seeing that after the equipment of new limbers baskets of this design are merely required for replacing purposes, the orders therefore are not so imposing as those for other commodities exposed to destruction.



"THE SO-CALLED IRISH QUESTION."*

There is a joke that England is the Celt's oyster, whether the Celt be Irish, Welsh or Scotch. It is a fair sort of pleasantry, part of the badinage of clubs, the affability of coffee and cigarettes, but beyond that it spreads rather thinly. It is in reality a bit of pious family fraud. Whether the English enjoy it or not I don't know. I know as an Irishman that I don't enjoy it. No Irishman who has fastened his thoughts on the Home Rule Bill is likely to greet this sort of thing with hilarity.

And yet here comes Captain Beith with an elaboration of the jest into a small volume of British propaganda chiefly on the subject of Irishmen loyal and disloyal. It is possible for him only because he starts with the enormous presumption that the Irish question is a family question. American discussion of the "so-called Irish question" surprises him. The stay-at-home Briton "always imagined that his domestic troubles were his own property, and were not causing concern to other people." But Captain Beith is not above discussing these "domestic troubles" with Americans, of course in an amused and jovial spirit, and is perfectly willing to explain Irish troubles, and explain them away. It is important to mark the fact that he is proclaiming the situation as "domestic." That really means an affair between free legal partners. It means that the fairness of the partnership is not questioned by him; or that anything so old, unhappy and far-off as Irish nationalism is either hinted at or recalled.

If you start with a false hypothesis, there is only one thing to do with facts that don't fit—hack away the feet, to use a pretty Chestertonian phrase, to fit the shoes. This little book on the oppressive Irish is a continuous pantomime of poor Captain Beith hacking the feet of the Irish question to fit them into his idea of happy-family shoes. Considering the elegance of the

shoes he has provided for Ireland, there is every reason for him to be angry with Ireland's awkward nationalistic feet. But in his reckless eagerness to make a case for his class-bound vision of Ireland there is only one drawback—he has simply played hash with the facts. It isn't extraordinary. It is, on the contrary, touchingly human. But, however human it may be, facts are entitled to a scintilla of deference. Disregard of them isn't either cricket, baseball, or pinochle. And, if Captain Beith is going to be a propagandist, he must learn the elementary rules of the game.

For example, who told Captain Beith that the Home Rule Bill planned to give Ireland "an annual free gift of about £7,000,000"? Who seduced him into believing that the settlement of the land question was "an experiment in philanthropy which cost the tyrannical English considerably more than one hundred million pounds"? Who assured him, guileless and gullible, that the National Insurance Act was not applied to Ireland? The National Insurance Act was applied to Ireland in the broad daylight of 1911, in spite of Captain Beith's curious illusion that the Irish refused to accept it, and "so the oppressed English as usual gave way and paid the piper alone." As for land purchase costing the English taxpayer one hundred million pounds, it is the best, though the least intentional, joke in the volume. The Irish tenant farmer, it is true, received his advance from the British Treasury under the Wyndham Act; but "now, as heretofore," in the words of Paul-Dubois, "he must sooner or later repay to the Treasury in annuities the full amount of capital that it advanced to him." Meanwhile, the huge sums advanced went to "great landlords of English descent, who spent most of their time in London"; who were said by Lord Cowper in 1887 to be so negligent of their responsibility that "one could count on one's fingers the number of Irish estates on which the improvements have been made by the landlord"; and who are

*"The Oppressed English." By Ian Hay. Doubleday, Page & Co.

reputed to have taken £200,000,000 in rent during the nineteenth century. Captain Beith's statement as to an "annual free gift" is similarly hallucinatory. There has been a considerable amount of free gift between England and Ireland. A Government commission in 1896 reported that Ireland was overtaxed three million pounds a year. Until the Old Age Pensions Act Ireland contributed an annual surplus to the Treasury, amounting since the Union to about £400,000,000. Since 1910 Ireland has not been run at a profit to the British Empire. It has less than half the railroads of Scotland, has less than quarter the classes that can produce any income tax. The Home Rule Bill could not decree prosperity, but it counted on a deficit of no more than two million pounds. The additional five million are a light touch of Captain Beith's own.

So far as the Empire is concerned, Captain Beith means well. It is his reasoning that is at fault. It might be better if Ireland were really united to the Empire, as he chooses to imagine, but the stark fact is the compulsion that has been exercised for hundreds of years to bind Ireland to England, and the failure of England to win any great number of Irishmen to the Empire outside the obvious descendants of Scotch and English settlers. This is the point from which honest discussion must start. It is no good pretending that the Irish have a special psychology. If they

have not the same psychology as other residents of the Empire, there is still enough difference in their political and economic status to account for their attitude again and again. For over thirty years three-quarters of the population have voted solidly and unequivocally for a Home Rule that English Toryism has denied. Of such invincible ignorance on the part of a ruling class are rebels and rebellions made.

The situation is, of course, intrinsically difficult. Apart from the awkwardness of one race trying to control another by an administrative machinery that is essentially undemocratic and class-bound, there is the ultimate difficulty of governmental remoteness and inflexibility, with a premium put on agitation as the sole Irish political activity that promises to pay. You cannot profitably turn politics into a duel between bureaucrats and agitators in a country that is undeveloped and uneducated, that cries for decent administration and a healthy frame of mind. What about Ulster, Captain Beith says, as if the presence of Tories in Ireland were an insuperable obstacle to fundamental reform. Tory Ulster can be securely safeguarded, as the present convention will probably demonstrate, but the one fact obvious to genuine democrats is that nothing, not even Captain Beith's parlour humour, should stand in the way of fundamental reform.

F.H.

JOHN MORLEY AND THE STEADS.

Lord Morley, in his *Recollections*, gives there two pictures of W. T. Stead and of his eldest son Willie, who predeceased him.

"Of this gallant ship, *The Pall Mall Gazette*, of which jingo ideas had till then been the cargo, I now undertook to be the captain, under a liberal-minded and courageous owner, as loyal and bold as he was indulgent. We were lucky enough to induce to join us, as an assistant, a man from the North of England, who, by and by, sailing under his own flag, became for a season the most powerful journalist in the island.

"Stead has said enough of our relations. He was invaluable; abounding in journalistic resource; eager in convictions, infinitely bold, candid, laborious in sure-footed mastery of all the facts, and bright with a cheerfulness and geniality that no difference of opinion between us and some of the pass-

ing embarrassments of the day could ever for a moment damp. His extraordinary vigour and spirit made other people seem wet blankets, sluggish creatures of moral *défaillance*."

Referring to his work in preparing the monumental "Life of Gladstone," Lord Morley writes as follows:

"So to work I went. Explorations in the crowded archives, with their two or three hundred thousand pieces, began in 1899.

"Two lieutenants gave me willing and valuable help; for the first half, Mr. Hirst, afterwards so well known as publicist and economist; for the second half, William Stead, too soon taken from his friends, admirably trained by his wonderful father in all those arts of close attention and minute accuracy that were required by such work as he now undertook."

FINANCIAL AND BUSINESS QUARTER.

United Kingdom oversea trade during 1917 was valued at £1,630,280,158, that amount comparing with £1,552,352,377 in 1916, and £1,335,823,979 in 1915.

British imports exceeded exports and re-exports in 1917 by £500,557,694; in 1916 by £344,660,607, and in 1915 by £367,962,761.

Up to the end of September last, the total war debt of Italy had reached one thousand millions sterling, while the average rate of interest on the debt was 4.24 per cent.

The anticipated yield of the Indian jute crop during the present season is 8,904,000 bales, as against 8,380,000 bales in the previous year, or an increase of 524,000 bales.

The daily rate of iron output in U.S.A. during October was 106,550 tons, as compared with 104,465 tons per day in the previous month. The increase per day was the first recorded since April last.

Encouraged by the embargo placed upon export by the United States and the scarcity of the local supply, the Hodogava Soda Works in Japan have completed the larger part of their expansion for the production of caustic soda to the amount of 4,600,000 lb.

The banning of ammonia for the manufacture of ice, by the United States authorities, caused a serious situation in Japan, but it is stated that the position was relieved by traders arranging for a supply from Australia due to be delivered between January and June this year, and sufficient for the requirements of the ice manufacturers during the whole year.

The total value of iron and steel manufactures exported from the United States to Europe during the first year of the war, was 92,000,000 dollars; in 1916 354,000,000 dollars, and in 1917 approximately 700,000,000 dollars. Steel billets and ingots show total exports to Great Britain and France in the eleven months of 1917 of 91,000,000 dollars, as compared with 33,000,000 dollars in the same term in 1916.

From January 1st to the end of October last, 1351 vessels, aggregating 1,144,215 tons net, entered the New Waterway at Rotterdam, the figures comparing with 2687 vessels and 2,751,413 tons during the corresponding term in 1916, or a decrease of 1336 vessels and 1,607,198 tons.

The P. and O. Steam Navigation Co. has added the Hain Steamship Co. to its fleet. Three years ago the P. and O. acquired control of the British India Steam Navigation Co., and last year it secured a dominant interest in the New Zealand Shipping Co., and its associate the Federal Co. Only a few months ago, control of the Union Steamship Co. of New Zealand was obtained. The Hain S.S. Co. was formed 16 years ago, and in each of the past two years the distribution has been 35 per cent. on a capital of half a million sterling. It is understood that the P. and O. Company paid about £4,000,000 for its latest purchase, or about £80 for each £10 share.

New war firms organised in the United States during October involved an authorised capital stock of 2,425,000 dollars, the smallest total for any month since last January. This classification includes companies formed to manufacture munitions and aircraft. The October figure registers a rather sharp decline from the September record when the indicated investment in such concerns was 6,100,000 dollars, and compared with a total of 35,400,000 dollars for August, which stands as the high mark for the war period.

According to Japanese reports negotiations are going on between the Chinese Government and a Japanese company interested in China for a loan of about £10,000,000 for the construction of a railway between Chaochow (Swatow), Kuangtung, Nanchang, in Kiangsi. The projected line would be 200 miles long, and would connect up with a railway completed by a Japanese company some time ago. It is stated that there are many difficulties in the way of the new venture, and that it will take some time before the negotiations are concluded.

The earnings of the United States Rubber Co. for the calendar year are estimated at about 11,000,000 dollars, or nearly 30

dollars a share on the 36,000,000 dollars common stock, after allowing for war taxes. During the previous year the company earned 6,271,125 dollars, or 17.75 dollars a share on its junior stock. Gross sales for the year 1917 were estimated at 150,000,000 dollars compared with 126,759,129 dollars in 1916, the previous record period.

The oldest and largest of the Canadian banks—the Bank of Montreal—has celebrated its 100th anniversary. The institution was established on November 3rd, 1817, its formation being due to the retirement by the British Government of their army bills issued to meet the expenses of the war of 1812 with the United States, the population of Canada then being only about 400,000. The paid-up capital at the start was 350,000 dollars; the authorised amount now being 25,000,000 dollars. The first year's business enabled the directors to declare a dividend of eight per cent., and only in two years since has the bank failed to pay a dividend.

In consequence of the magnitude of the business now carried on by the Mitsubishi Goshi Kaisha (of Japan) shipbuilding and engineering department, and, in view of its future expansion, it has been found necessary to alter the method of control, and that department, including three dockyards at Nagasaki, Kobe and Hikoshima, as from November 1st last, was formed into a separate company. The title of the new company is Mitsubishi Zosen Kaisha (Mitsubishi Shipbuilding Co. Ltd.), and the subscribed capital £5,000,000 sterling, and the paid-up capital £2,000,000 sterling. Although it is nominally a joint stock company, as a matter of fact, all the shares are owned by the Barons Iwasaki.

The business of the Oji Paper Manufacturing Company in Japan has lately been increased twofold, due to the operation of its pulp producing plant at Toyohara, thus enhancing the production of foreign-styled papers of the company. The successive increases of paper prices of late have caused a rise of about 20 per cent. compared to the level in the previous term. It is said that the gross profits of the company will exceed by approximately £60,000, the £284,500 earned during the previous period. The rate of dividend of the last term was 22 per cent., but that of the present will turn out

at about 26 per cent. A plan to double the capital of the company will shortly be announced.

The Wollman Review, of New York, tracing the history of the movement of the world's money centres, since the thirteenth century, says:—"New York has become the financial centre of the world. Great economic and political currents, stirred by activities of peace and war throughout the centuries, have gradually moved the seat of business power westward. The movement is traceable in history from Asia Minor to the European shores of the Mediterranean, thence to North-West Europe, then to Britain, and finally across the Atlantic to America. Constantinople, Venice, Amsterdam, all had their day, whilst for two centuries the business of the globe mainly revolved about and upon the British metropolis. The great war has again shifted the tides of business. But never has the change been wrought so suddenly or with such significance for the future. New York, now the largest city of the world in population, has become the world's business capital, and the United States the foremost commercial and political power."

From latest advices from U.S.A., it is learned that the plan for a governmental control of the silver output of the country in the interest of the United States and Great Britain is still under negotiation, although delay has arisen in consummating such an arrangement. The scheme as outlined is that the two Governments are to purchase during the ensuing year 100,000,000 ounces in monthly instalments, of which amount 60,000,000 ounces will be for the United States and 40,000,000 ounces for Great Britain. The silver production of the United States in 1916 was 74,000,000 ounces, but the indications are that the amount of the output for 1917 will be considerably larger. It is held that if the plan of the two Governments were put into effect, it would practically absorb all the silver produced by American mines and smelting establishments for the coming year, and by restricting purchases for other countries, more particularly those of the Orient, would prevent a runaway market for the metal. The question of the price to be paid by the Governments interested in the negotiation seems to be the chief obstacle to the completion of the arrangement.

The Winds of Chance

By REX BEACH.

Author of "The Barrier," "The Iron Trail," "The Ne'er-do-well," "The Silver Horde," etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Pierce Phillips, a unit in the stream of gold seekers flowing inland toward the Chilkoot Pass which led to the latest discovered mine field of Alaska, was halted with most of his fellows at Dyea by a notice, posted by the North-West Mounted Police, declaring that the Canadian authorities would not let anyone cross the frontier unless possessed of a thousand dollars and a ton of provisions. Like others he had come north to get rich quick and this notice effectively barred his further advance towards the El Dorado of the snows. After a vain endeavour to convert his 200 dollars into a thousand by betting on a "shell game," whereby he lost all he had, this sturdy young pioneer set to work to earn money by hiring himself out as a "Packer" over the Chilkoot Pass. On one of these monotonous trips he met a French Canadian named 'Poleon Doret, a cheerful giant, and Tom Linton, an elderly man engaged in packing goods to his tent at Linderman. Linton and Phillips, to their amazement, find this occupied on their arrival, the temporary tenant being an entirely self-possessed Norsewoman, whose ice blue eyes, dazzling complexion, splendid figure and flaxen hair bespoke her nationality. After explaining her presence in the tent she gives her name as the Countess Courtean. She was completely mistress of herself and had a forceful compelling way with others. There was a natural air of authority about her which caused the men to be in no way surprised when she announced her intention of departing early in the morning for Dyea, on business, engaging Phillips to act as her carrier over the Pass to Sheep Camp, where he had his headquarters. They parted there, and Pierce proceeded to the tent of the brothers McCaskey with whom he had been working since his arrival in the country. He had given Jim, the younger, a thousand dollars to deposit in Dyea for him but finds Jim in bed with a broken head, the result of an encounter with robbers on the way. Explanations of the incident which has lost Pierce all his savings are interrupted by the entrance of armed deputies of the Vigilance Committee who hale Joe and Jim McCaskey and Phillips away on a charge of stealing a bag of rice, which bag is discovered in their tent. At the trial the McCaskeys manage to successfully throw suspicion on Pierce, who is unable to convince his judges that he had not been at Sheep Camp when the robbery was committed. He could produce no witnesses to prove his visit to Linderman, and, in view of the McCaskeys' evidence, his guilt appears so clear that there is a general demand that he be immediately hung. 'Poleon Doret, however, arrives with the Countess Courtean, and turn the tables on the McCaskeys. During the proceedings Jim insults the Countess, and Pierce strikes him. In the melee Jim's bandage is knocked off, and no wound is disclosed. The reported assault and robbery are thus proved false, and Pierce gets back his thousand dollars. The court condemns the two brothers to forty lashes each. Whilst preparations are being made to carry out the sentence on Joe, Jim dashes free, but is shot dead as he runs. Ten lashes suffice to cut Jim's back to ribbons, and he is let go. After his narrow escape Pierce decides to leave Sheep Camp and go to Dyea—to which place the Countess has already departed. He finds her there bargaining with the proprietor of the only hotel for his establishment, which she finally purchases, all but the timber, for fifteen thousand dollars, with the object of transporting it to Dawson before the ice came. She hires Pierce as her manager, and he speedily collects helpers, and they have the place dismantled in a couple of days. The Countess engages Lucky Broad, the shell man,

and his partner, Kid Bridges, to join the outfit. On the scene of demolition comes "One-armed" Sam Kirby, a noted gambler, with his daughter, Rouletta, and his *Fides Achates*, Danny Royal. "One-Arm" is engaged in running liquor through to Dawson, and there is trouble when Royal finds out that the Countess has engaged all the Indian porters available. Pierce had all the movable appurtenances of the Royal Hotel packed into boxes, bales and bundles in 48 hours. He counted on getting it all carried over the Pass to Linderman in two trips. The Indians, however, had been bought over by Royal, and, dumping their burdens as soon as they were out of sight, went straight back to Dyea to pick up Kirby's freight at double rates. Furious, the Countess set out to confront the Indians, as they reached the crossing, determined to compel them to complete their contract.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Little more was said during the swift return of the river. It was not a pleasant journey, for the trail was miserable, the mud was deep, besides the steady upward flow traffic which it was necessary to stem. There were occasional interruptions to this stream, for here and there horses were down, with a blockade as the result. Behind it men lay propped against logs or tree-trunks, resting their tired frames and listening apathetically to the profanity of the horse owners. Rarely did anyone offer to lend a helping hand, for each man's task was only equal to his strength. In one place a line of steers stood belly deep in the mire waiting the command to plough forward.

Broken carts, abandoned vehicles of various patterns, lined the way; there were many swollen carcasses underfoot and not infrequently pedestrians crossed mud-holes by stepping from one to another, holding their breaths and battling through swarms of flies. Much costly impedimenta strewed the road-side—each article a mile-stone of despair a monument to failure. There were stoves, camp furniture, lumber, hardware, boat fittings. The wreckage and the wastage of the stampede was enormous, and every ounce, every dollar's worth of it, spoke mutely of blasted hopes. Now and then one saw piles of provisions, some of which had been entirely abandoned. The rains had ruined most of them.

When the Countess came to her freight she paused. "You said Royal was load-

ing his men when you left?" She faced Broad inquiringly.

"Right!"

"Then he'll soon be along. We'll wait here." Of Phillips she asked: "Do you carry a gun?"

Pierce shook his head. "What are you going to do?" He could see that she was boiling inwardly, and although his own anger had increased at every moment during the return journey, her question caused him genuine apprehension.

Avoiding a direct answer the woman said: "If Royal is with the Indians, you keep your eye on him. I want to talk to them."

"Don't inaugurate any violent measures," Mr. Broad cautioned nervously. "Danny's a sudden sort of a murderer. Of course, if worse comes to worse, I'll stick, but—my rating in the community ain't A1. There's a lot of narrow-minded church-members would like to baptise me at high-tide. As if that would get their money back."

A suggestion of a smile crept to the Countess's lips and she said: "I knew you'd stick when I hired you." Then she seated herself upon a box.

Danny Royal did accompany his packers. He did so as a precaution against precisely such a *coup* as he had engineered, and in order to be doubly secure he brought the head-Indian with him. The old tribesman had rebelled mildly, but Royal had been firm, and in consequence they were the first two to appear when the procession came out of the woods.

The Chief halted at sight of Phillips, the man who had hired him and his people, but at a word from Royal he resumed his march. He averted his eyes, however, and he held his head low, showing that this encounter was not at all to his liking. Royal, on the contrary, carried off the meeting easily. He grinned at Lucky Board and was about to pass on when the Countess Courteau rose to her feet and stepped into the trail.

"Just a minute," she said. Of Royal's companion she sternly demanded. "What do you mean by this trick?"

The old redskin shot her a swift glance, then his face became expressionless and he gazed stolidly at the river.

"What do you mean?" the woman repeated in a voice quivering with fury.

"Him people—" the Chief began, but Royal spoke for him. Removing his

hat he made a stiff little bow then said courteously enough:

"I'm mighty sorry to hold you up, ma'am, but—"

"You're not holding me up, I'm holding you up," the woman broke in. "What do you take me for, anyhow?" She stared at the white man so coldly, there was such authority and such fixity of purpose in her tone and her expression, that his manner changed.

"I'm on orders," he said. "There's no use to argue. I'd talk plainer to you if you was a man."

But she had turned her eyes to the Chief again. "You lying scoundrel!" she cried accusingly. "I made a straight deal with you and your people and I agreed to your price. I'm not going to let you throw me down!"

The wooden-faced object of her attack became inexplicably stupid, he strove for words. "Me no speak good," he muttered. "Me no savvy—"

"Perhaps you'll savvy this." As the Countess spoke she took from her pocket a short-barrelled revolver, which she cocked and presented in a capable and determined manner so close to the old native's face that he staggered backward, fending off the attack. The woman followed him.

"Look here!" Danny Royal exploded. He made a movement with his right hand but Pierce Phillips and Lucky Broad stepped close to him. The former said shortly:

"If you make a move, I'll brain you!"

"That's me," seconded Mr. Broad. "Lift a finger, Danny, and we go to the mat."

Royal regarded the two men searchingly. "D'you think I'll let you people stick me up?" he queried.

"You're stuck up!" the Countess declared shortly. Make sure of this—I'm not bluffing. I'll shoot. Here you—" she called to one of the packers at the rear of the line who had turned and was making off. "Get back where you were, and stay there." She emphasised this command with a wave of her weapon and the Indian obeyed with alacrity. "Now then, Mr. Royal, not one pound of Sam Kirby's freight will these people carry until mine is over the pass. I don't recognise you in this deal in any way; I made a bargain with the Chief and I'll settle it with him. You keep out. If you don't my men will attend to you."

It was surprising what a potent effect a firearm had upon the aged *shaman*. His mask fell off and his knowledge of the English language was magically refreshed. He began a perfectly intelligible protest against the promiscuous display of loaded weapons, particularly in crowded localities. He was a peaceful man, the head of a peaceful people, and violence of any sort was contrary to his and their code. This was no way in which to settle a dispute

"You think not, eh? Well, it's my way," stormed the Countess. "I'll drop the first man who tries to pass. If you think I won't, try me. Go ahead, try me!" Mr. Royal undertook to say something more, but without turning her head the woman told Phillips: "Knock him down if he opens his mouth."

"Will I?" Pierce edged closer to his man, and in his face there was a hunger for combat which did not look promising to the object of his attentions.

Lucky Broad likewise discouraged the ex-jockey by saying: "If you call her hand, Danny, I'll bust you where you're biggest!"

The Countess still held the muzzle of her revolver close to the Chief's body; now she said peremptorily: "You're going to end this joke, right now. Order their packs off, quick!"

This colloquy had been short, but brief as the delay had been it had afforded time for newcomers to arrive. Amazed at the sight of a raging woman holding an army of red men at bay, several "mushers," dropped their burdens and came running forward to learn the meaning of it. The Countess explained rapidly, whereupon one of them exclaimed:

"Go to it, sister!"

Another agreed heartily. "When you shoot, shoot low. We'll see you through."

"I don't need any assistance," she told them. "They'll keep their agreement, or they'll lose their head man. Give the word, Chief."

The old redskin raised his voice in expostulation, but one of the late-comers broke in upon him:

"Aw, shut up, you robber! You're gettin' what you need."

"I'm going to count three," the woman said inflexibly. Her face had grown very white, her eyes were shining dangerously. "At four I shoot. One! Two—!" The wrinkled Indian gave a sign, his tribesmen began to divest themselves of their loads. "Pile it all up beside the

trail. Now, get under my stuff and don't let's have any more nonsense. The old price goes and I shan't raise it a penny." Turning to Danny Royal she told him: "You could have put this over on a man, but women haven't any sense. I haven't a bit. Every cent I own is tied up in this freight and it's going through on time. I think a lot of it and if you try to delay it again I'm just foolish enough to blow a hole in this savage—and you, too. Yes, and a miners' meeting would cheer me for doing it."

There was a silence, then Mr. Royal inquired: "Are you waiting for me to speak? Well, all I've got to say is if the James boys had had a sister they'd have been at work yet. I don't know how to tackle a woman."

"Are you going to keep your hands off?"

"Sure! I'm licked. You went about it in the right way. You got me tied."

"I don't know whether you're lying or not. But just to make sure I'm going to have Lucky Broad walk back to town with you to see that you don't get turned around."

Danny removed his hat and made a sweeping bow; then he departed in company with his escort. The Indians took up those burdens which they had originally shouldered, and the march to the Chilkoot was resumed. Now, however, the Countess Courteau brought up the rear of the procession and immediately in advance of her walked the head man of the Dyea tribe.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was a still, clear morning, but autumn was in the air and a pale sun lacked the necessary heat to melt a skin of ice which during the night had covered stagnant pools. The damp moss which carpets northern forests was hoary with frost, and it crackled underfoot. Winter was near, and its unmistakable approach could be plainly felt.

A saw-pit had been rigged upon a sloping hillside—it consisted of four posts about six feet long upon which had been laid four stringers, like the sills of a house; to this scaffold led a pair of inclined skids. Resting upon the stringers was a sizeable spruce log which had been squared and marked with parallel chalk-lines, and into which a whip-saw had eaten for several feet. Balanced upon this log was Tom Linton; in the sawdust directly under him

stood Jerry Quirk. Mr. Linton glared downward, Mr. Quirk squinted fiercely upward. Mr. Linton showed his teeth in an ugly grin, and his voice was hoarse with fury, Mr. Quirk's grey moustache bristled with rage, and anger had raised his conversational tone to a high pitch. Both men were perspiring, both were shaken to the core.

"*Don't shove!*" Mr. Quirk exclaimed in shrill irritation. "How many times d'you want me to tell you not to shove? You bend the infernal thing."

"I never shoved," Linton said thickly. "Maybe we'd do better if you'd quit hanging your weight on those handles every time I lift. If you've got to chin yourself, take a limb—or I'll build you a trapeze. You pull down, then lemme lift—"

Mr. Quirk danced with fury. "Chin myself? Hell! You're petered out, that's what ails you! You ain't got the grit and you've throwed up your tail. Lift her clean—don't-try to saw goin' up, the teeth ain't set that way. Lift, take a bite, then leggo. Lift, bite, leggo! Lift, bite,

"Don't say that again!" shouted Linton. "I'm a patient man, but—." He swallowed hard, then with difficulty voiced a solemn, vibrant warning: "Don't say it again, that's all!"

Defiance instantly flamed in Jerry's watery eyes. "I'll say it if I want to!" he yelled. "I'll say anything I feel like sayin'! Some folks can't understand English; some folk have got lignumvity heads and you have to tell 'em—"

"You couldn't tell me anything!"

"Sure! That's just the trouble with you; nobody can tell you anything!"

"I whip-sawed before you was born!"

Astonishment momentarily robbed Mr. Quirk of speech, then he broke out more indignantly than ever. "Why, you lyin' horse-thief, you never heard of a whip-saw till we bought our outfit. You was for tying one end to a limb and the other end to a root and then rubbin' the log up and down it."

"I never meant that! I was fooling and you know it. That's just like you, to—"

"Say, if you'd ever had holt of a whip-saw in all your useless life the man on the other end of it would have belted you with the handle and buried you in the sawdust. I'd ought to, but I ain't got the heart!" The speaker spat on his hands, and in a calmer, more business-like tone, said:

"Well, come on. Let's go. This is our last board."

Tom Linton checked an insulting remark that had just occurred to him. It had nothing whatever to do with the subject under dispute, but it would have goaded Jerry to insanity, therefore it clamoured for expression and the temptation to hurl it forth was almost irresistible. Linton, however, prided himself upon his self-restraint and accordingly he swallowed his words. He clicked his teeth, he gritted them—he would have enjoyed sinking them into his partner's throat, as a matter of fact—then he growled, "Let her whiz!"

In unison the men resumed their interrupted labours; slowly, rhythmically, their arms moved up and down, monotonously their aching backs bent and straightened, inch by inch the saw blade ate along the pencilled line. It was killing work, for it called into play unused, under-developed muscles, yes, muscles which did not and never would or could exist. Each time Linton lifted the saw it grew heavier by the fraction of a pound; whenever Quirk looked up to note progress his eyes were filled with stinging particles of sawdust. His was a tearful job; sawdust was in his hair, his beard, it had sifted down inside his neck-band, and it itched his moist body. It had worked into his underclothes and he could not escape it even at night in his bed. He had of late acquired the habit of repeating over and over, with a pertinacity intensely irritating to his partner, that he could taste sawdust in his food—a statement manifestly false, and well calculated to offend a camp cook.

After they had sawed for awhile, Jerry cried: "Hey!" She's runnin' out again!" He accompanied this remark by an abrupt cessation of effort. As a result the saw stopped in its downward course and Tom's chin came into violent contact with the upper handle.

The man above uttered a cry of pain and fury, he clasped a hand to his face as if to catch and save his teeth.

Jerry giggled with a shameless lack of feeling. "Spit 'em out," he cackled. "They ain't no more good to you than a mouthful of popcorn." He was not really amused at his partner's mishap, on the contrary he was more than a little concerned by it, but fatigue had rendered him absurdly hysterical, and the constant friction of mental, spiritual and physical contact with Tom had fretted his soul as that sawdust inside his clothes had fretted his body.

"He, he! Ho, ho!" he chortled. "You don't shove. Oh, no! All the same, whenever I stop pullin' you butt your brains out."

"I didn't shove!" The ferocity of this denial was modified and muffled by reason of the fact that a greater part of the speaker's hand was inside his mouth and his fingers were taking stock of its contents.

"All right, you didn't shove. Have it your own way. I said she was runnin' out again. We ain't cuttin' wedges, we're cuttin' boat-seats."

"Well, why don't you pull straight? I can't follow a line with you skinning the cat on your end."

"My fault again, eh?" Mr. Quirk showed the whites of his eyes and his face grew purple. "Lemme tell you something, Tom. I've studied you, careful, as man and boy, for a matter of thirty years, but I never seen you in all your hideousness till this trip. I got you now, though; I got you all added up and subtracted, and I'll tell you the answer. It's my opinion, backed by figgers, that you're a dam'—"

He hesitated, then with a herculean effort he managed to gulp the remainder of his sentence. In a changed voice he said:

"Oh, what's the use? I s'pose you've got feelin's. Come on, let's get through."

Linton peered down over the edge of the log.

"It's your opinion I'm what?" he inquired with vicious calmness.

"Nothing. It's no use to tell you. Now then, lift, bite, leg—. Why don't you lift?"

"I am lifting. Leggo your end!" Mr. Linton tugged violently but the saw came up slowly. It rose and fell several times but with the same feeling of dead weight attached to it. Tom wiped the sweat out of his eyes and once again in a stormy voice he addressed his partner: "If you don't get off them handles I'll take a stick and knock you off. What you grinnin' at?"

"Why, she's stuck, that's all. Drive your wedge—" Jerry's words ended in an agonised yelp; he began to paw blindly. "You did that a-purpose!"

"Did what?"

"Kicked sawdust in my eyes. I saw you."

Mr. Linton's voice when he spoke held that same sinister note of restrained ferocity which had characterised it heretofore. "When I start kicking I won't kick sawdust into your eyes! I'll kick your eyes

into that sawdust. That's what I'll do. I'll stomp 'em out like a pair of grapes."

"You try it! You try anything with me," Jerry chattered, in a simian frenzy. "You've got a bad reputation, at home; you're a *malo hombre*—a side-winder, you are, and your bite is certain death. That's what they say. Well, ever see a Mexican hog eat a rattler? That's me; wild hog!"

"Wild hog. What's wild about you?" sneered the other. "You picked the right animal but the wrong variety. Any kind of a hog makes a bad partner."

For a time the work proceeded in silence, then the latter speaker resumed: "You said I was a damned something or other. What was it?" The object of this inquiry maintained an offensive, nay, an insulting, silence. "A what?" Linton persisted.

Quirk looked up through his mask of sawdust. "If you're gettin' tired again why don't you say so? I'll wait while you rest." He opened his eyes in apparent astonishment, then he cried. "Hello! Why, its rainin'!"

"It ain't raining. Look at the sun!"

"Must be—your face is wet. Once more the speaker cackled shrilly in a manner intended to be mirthful, but which was in reality insulting beyond human endurance. "I never saw moisture on your brow, Tom, except when it rained or when you set too close to a fire."

"What was it you wanted to call me and was scared to?" Mr. Linton urged venomously. "A damned what?"

"Oh, I forget the precise epithet I had in mind. But a new one rises to my lips 'most every minute. I think I aimed to call you a dam' old fool. Something like that."

Slowly, carefully, Mr. Linton descended from the scaffold, leaving the whip-saw in its place. He was shaking with rage, with weakness and with fatigue.

"Old? Me old? I'm a fool, I admit, or I wouldn't have lugged your loads and done your work the way I have. But, you see, I'm strong and vigorous and I felt sorry for a tottering wreck like you—"

"Lugged my loads?" snorted the smaller man. "Me a wreck? My Gawd!"

"— I did your packing, and your washing, and your cooking, and mine, too, just because you was feeble and because I've got consideration for my seniors. I was raised that way. I honoured your age, Jerry. I knew you was about all in, but I never called you old. I wouldn't hurt your feelings. What did you do? You set

around on your bony hips and criticised and picked at me. But you've picked my last feather off and I'm plumb raw. Right here we split!"

Jerry Quirk staggered slightly and leaned against a post for support. His knees were wobbly; he, too, ached in every bone and muscle; he, too, had been goaded into an insane temper, but that which maddened him beyond expression was this unwarranted charge of incompetency.

"Split it is," he agreed. "That'll take a load off my shoulders."

"We'll cut our grub fifty-fifty, then I'll hit you a clout with the traces and turn you a-loose."

Jerry was still dazed, for his world had come to an end, but he pretended to an extravagant joy, and managed to chirp: "Good news—the first I've had since we went pardners. I'll sure kick up my heels. What'll we do with the boat?"

"Cut her in two."

"Right. We'll toss up for ends. We'll divide everything, the same way, down to the skillet."

"Every blame' thing," Linton agreed.

Side by side they set off heavily through the woods.

Quarrels similar to this were of daily occurrence on the trail, but especially common were they here at Linderman, for of all the devices of the devil the one most trying to human patience is a whip-saw. It is a saying in the north that to know a man one must eat a sack of flour with him; it is also generally recognised that a partnership which survives the vexations of a sawpit is time and weather proof—a predestined union more sacred and more perfect even than that of matrimony. Few indeed have stood the test.

It was in this loosening of sentimental ties, in the breach of friendships and the birth of bitter enmities, where lay the deepest tragedy of the Chilkoot and the Chilkat trails. Under ordinary, normal circumstances men of opposite temperaments may live with each other in harmony and die in mutual accord, but circumstances here were extraordinary, abnormal. Hardship, monotony, fatigue score the very soul; constant close association renders men absurdly petulant and childishly quarrelsome. Many are the heartaches charged against those early days and those early trails.

Of course there was much less internal friction in outfits like Kirby's or the Countess Courteau's, where the men worked

under orders, but even there relations were often strained. Both Danny Royal and Pierce Phillips had had their troubles, their problems—nobody could escape them—but on the whole they had held their men together pretty well, and had made fast progress, all things considered. Royal had experience to draw upon, while Phillips had none, nevertheless the Countess was a good counsellor, and this brief training in authority was of extreme value to the younger man, who developed some of the qualities of leadership. As a result of their frequent conferences a frank, free intimacy had sprung up between Pierce and his employer, an intimacy both gratifying and disappointing to him. Just how it affected the woman he could not tell. As a matter of fact he made but little effort to learn, being for the moment too deeply concerned in the great change that had come over him.

Pierce Phillips made no effort to deceive himself; he was in love, yes, desperately in love, and his infatuation grew with every hour. It was his first serious affair, and quite naturally its newness took his breath. He had heard of puppy love and he scorned it; but this was not that kind, he told himself; his was an epic adoration, a full-grown deathless man's affection such as comes to none but the favoured of the gods and then but once in a lifetime. The reason was patent—it lay in the fact that the object of his soul-consuming worship was not an ordinary woman. No, the Countess was cast in heroic mould, and she inspired love of a character to match her individuality; she was one of those rare flaming creatures the like of whom illuminate the pages of history. She was another Cleopatra—a regal, matchless creature.

To be sure, she was not at all the sort of woman he had expected to love, therefore he loved her the more; nor was she the sort he had chosen as his ideal. But it is this abandonment of old ideals and acceptance of new ones which mark development, which signalises youth's evolution into maturity. She was a never-ending surprise to Pierce, and the fact that she remained a well of mystery, an unsounded deep that defied his attempts at exploration, excited his imagination and led him to clothe her with every admirable trait, in no few of which she was, of course, entirely lacking.

He was very boyish about this love of his. Lacking confidence to make known his feelings he undertook to conceal them, and believed he had succeeded. No doubt

he had, so far as the men in his party were concerned—they were far too busy to give thought to affairs other than their own—but the woman had marked his very first surrender, and now read him like an open page from day to day. His blind, unreasoning loyalty, his complete acquiescence to her desires, his extravagant joy in doing her will, would have told her the truth even without the aid of those numerous little things which every woman understands. Now, oddly enough, the effect upon her was only a little less disturbing than upon him, for this first boy-love was a thing which no good woman could have treated lightly: its simplicity, its purity, its unselfishness were different to anything she had known—so different, for instance, to that affection which the Count Courteau had bestowed upon her as to seem almost sacred—therefore she watched its growth with gratification not unmixed with apprehension. It was flattering, and yet it gave her cause for some uneasiness.

As a matter of fact, Phillips was boyish only in this one regard; in other things he was very much of a man—more of a man than anyone the Countess had met in a long time—and she derived unusual satisfaction from the mere privilege of depending upon him. This pleasure was so keen at times that she allowed her thoughts to take strange shapes, and was stirred by yearnings, by impulses, by foolish fancies that reminded her of her girlhood days.

CHAPTER IX.

THIS boat-building had proceeded with such despatch, thanks largely to Phillips, that the time for departure was close at hand, and inasmuch as there still remained a reasonable margin of safety the Countess began to feel the first certainty of success. While she was not disposed to quarrel with such a happy state of affairs, nevertheless one thing continued to bother her; she could not understand why interference had failed to come from the Kirby crowd. She had expected it, for Sam Kirby had the name of being a hard, conscienceless man, and Danny Royal had given proof that he was not above resorting to desperate means to gain time. Why, therefore, they had made no effort to hire her men away from her, especially as men were almost unobtainable here at Linderman, was something that baffled her. She had learned by bitter experience to put trust in no man, and this, coupled perhaps with

the natural suspicion of her sex, combined to excite her liveliest curiosity, and her deepest concern; she could not overcome the fear that this unspoken truce concealed some sinister design.

Feeling, this afternoon, a strong desire to see with her own eyes just what progress her rivals were making, she called Pierce away from his work and took him with her around the shore of the lake.

"Our last boat will be in the water to-morrow," he told her. "Kirby can't hold us up now, if he tries."

"I don't know," she said doubtfully. "They're as short-handed as we are. I can't understand why he has left us alone so long."

Phillips laughed. "He probably knows it isn't safe to trifle with you."

The Countess shook her head. "I couldn't bluff him. He wouldn't care whether I'm a woman or not."

"Were you bluffing when you held up Royal? I didn't think so."

"I don't think so, either. There's no telling what I might have done—I have a furious temper."

"That's nothing to apologise for," the young man declared warmly. "It's a sign of character, force—I hope I never have reason to feel it."

"You? How absurd. You've been perfectly dear. You couldn't be otherwise."

"Do you think so, really? I'm awfully glad."

The Countess was impelled to answer this boy's eagerness by telling him frankly just how well she thought of him, just how grateful she was for all that he had done, but she restrained herself.

"All the fellows have been splendid, especially those two gamblers," she said, coolly. After a moment she continued: "Don't stop when we get to Kirby's camp, I don't want him to think we're—curious."

Neither father nor daughter were in evidence when the visitors arrived at their destination, but Danny Royal was superintending the final work upon a stout scow, the seams of which were being caulked and daubed with tar. Mast and sweeps were being rigged; Royal himself was painting a name on the stern.

At sight of the Countess the ex-horseman dropped his brush and thrust his hands aloft, exclaiming:

"Don't shoot, ma'am!" His grin was friendly, there was no rancour in his voice. "How you gettin' along down at your house?" he inquired.

"Very well," the Countess told him.

"We'll get loaded to-morrow," said Pierce.

"Same here," Royal advised: "Better come to the launching. Ain't she a bear?" He gazed fondly at the bluff-bowed, ungainly barge. "I'm goin' to bust a bottle of wine on her nose when she wets her feet. First rainy-weather hack we ever had in the family. Her name's *Roulette*."

"I hope she has a safe voyage."

Royal eyed the speaker meditatively. "This trip has got my goat," he acknowledged. "Water's all right when it's cracked up and put in a glass, but—it ain't meant to build roads with. I've heard a lot about this Canyon and them White Horse Rapids. Are they bad?" When the Countess nodded, his weazened face darkened visibly. "Gimme a horse and I'm all right, but water scares me. Well, the *Roulette*'s good and strong, and I'm going to christen her with a bottle of real champagne. If there's anything in good liquor and a good name she'll be a lucky ship."

When they were out of hearing the Countess Courteau repeated: "I don't understand it; they could have gained a week."

"We could, too, if we'd built one scow instead of those small boats," Pierce declared.

"Kirby is used to taking chances; he can risk all his eggs in one basket if he wants to, but—not I." A moment later the speaker paused to stare at a curious sight. On the beach ahead of her stood a brand-new row boat ready for launching. Near it was assembled an outfit of gear and provisions divided into two equal piles. Two old men, armed each with a hand-saw were silently at work upon the skiff. They were sawing it in two, exactly in the middle, and they did not look up until the Countess greeted them.

"Hello! Changing the model of your boat?" she inquired.

The partners straightened themselves stiffly, and removed their caps.

"Yep!" said Quirk, avoiding his partner's eyes.

"Changing her model," Mr. Linton agreed, with a hang-dog expression.

"But—why? What for?"

"We've split," Mr. Quirk explained. Then he heaved a sigh: "It's made a new man of me a'ready."

"My end will look all right when I get her boarded up," Linton youchsafed, "but Old Jerry drew the hindquarters." His shoulders heaved in silent amusement.

"Old Jerry!" snapped the smaller man, "Where'd you get the 'old' at? I've acted like a feeble-minded idiot, I'll admit—bein' imposed on so regular—but that's over and I'm breathing free. Wait till you shove off in that front end; it ain't got the beam and you'll upset. Ha!" He uttered a malicious bark. "You'll drownd!" Mr. Quirk turned indignant eyes upon the visitors. "The idea of *him* callin' me *old*. Can you beat that?"

"Maybe I will drown," Linton agreed, "but drowning ain't so bad. It's better than being picked up and pecked to death by a blunt-billed buzzard. I'd look on it as a kind of a relief. Anyhow, you won't be there to see it; you'll be dead of rheumatism. I've got the tent."

"Huh! The stove's mine. I'll make out."

"Have you men quarrelled, after all these years?" the Countess made bold to inquire.

Jerry answered, and it was plain that all sentiment had been consumed in the fires of his present wrath. "I don't quarrel with a dam' old fool; I give him his way."

Linton's smoky eyes were blazing when he cried furiously. "Cut that 'old' out, or I'll show you something. Your mind's gone—senile decay, they call it—but I'll——"

Quirk flung down his saw and advanced belligerently around the hull of the boat. He was bristling with the desire for combat.

"What'll you show me?" he shrilly challenged. "You're bigger than me, but I'll cut you down. I'll——"

The Countess stepped between the two men, crying impatiently:

"Don't be silly. You're worn out and irritable, both of you, and you're acting like perfect idiots. You'll have everybody laughing at you."

Jerry diverted his fury to this intermediary. "Is that so?" he mocked. "Well, let 'em laugh, it'll do 'em good. You're a nice woman, but this ain't ladies' day at our club, and we don't need no outside advice on how to run our party."

"Oh, very well!" The Countess shrugged and turned away, motioning Pierce to follow her. "Fight it out to suit yourselves."

Quirk muttered something about the insolence of strangers, then he picked up his saw. In silence the work was resumed, and later, when the boat had been divided, each man set about boarding up and caulk-

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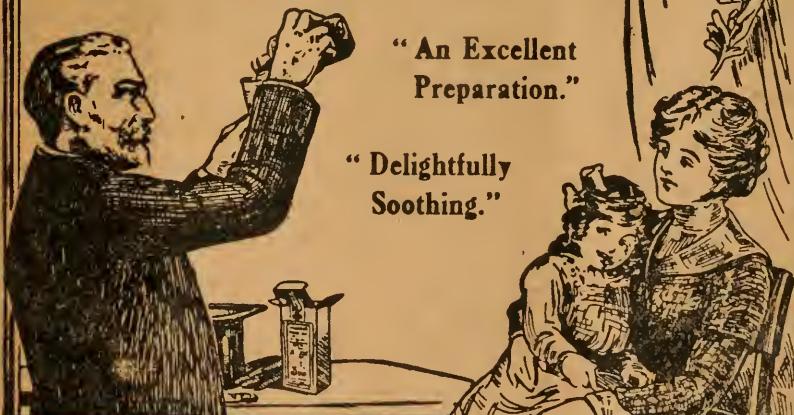
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ing the open end of his respective half. Neither of them was expert in the use of carpenter's tools, therefore it was supper-time before they finished, and the result of their labour was nothing to be proud of. Each now possessed a craft that would float, no doubt, but which in few other respects resembled a boat: Linton's was a slim, square-ended wedge, while Quirk's was a blunt barge fashioned on the lines of a watering-trough. They eyed the freaks with some dismay, but neither voiced the slightest regret nor acknowledged anything but supreme satisfaction.

Without a word they gathered up their tools and separated to prepare their evening meals. Linton entered his tent, now empty, cold and cheerless; Quirk set up his stove in the open and rigged a clumsy shelter out of a small tarpaulin. Under this he spread his share of the bedding. Engaged in this he realised that his two blankets promised to be woefully inadequate to the weather, and he cocked an apprehensive eye heavenward. What he saw did not reassure him, for the evening sky was overcast and a cold, fitful wind blew from off the lake. There was no doubt about it; it looked like rain—or snow; perhaps a combination of both. Mr. Quirk felt a shiver of dread run through him, and his heart sank at the prospect of many nights like this to come. He derived some scanty comfort from the sight of old Tom puttering wearily around a camp-fire the smoke from which followed him persistently, bringing tears to his smarting eyes and strangling complaints from his lungs.

"He's tryin' to burn green wood," Jerry said aloud; "the old fool!"

A similar epithet was upon his former partner's tongue. Linton was saying to himself: "Old Jerry's enjoying life now, but wait till his fire goes out and it starts to rain." He chuckled maliciously, and rehearsed a speech of curt refusal for use when Quirk came to the tent and begged shelter from the weather. There would be nothing doing, Tom made up his mind to that; he tried several insults under his breath, then he offered up a vindictive prayer for rain, hail, sleet and snow. A howling Dakota blizzard, he decided, would exactly suit him. He was a bit rusty on prayers, but whatever his appeal may have lacked in polish it made up in earnestness, for never did a petition carry aloft a greater weight of yearning than did this.

Tom fried his bacon in a stewpan, for the skillet had been divided with a cold chisel, and neither half was of the slightest use to anybody. After he had eaten his pilot bread; after he had drunk his cup of bitter tea and crept into bed, he was prompted to amend his prayer, for he discovered that two blankets were not going to be enough for him. Even the satisfaction of knowing that Jerry must feel the want even more keenly than did he failed to warm him sufficiently for thorough comfort. Tom was tired enough to swoon, but he refused to close his eyes before the rain came—what purpose was served by retributive justice unless a fellow stayed on the job to enjoy it? Truth to say, this self-denial cost him little, for the night had brought a chill with it, and the tent was damp. Linton became aware, ere long, that he couldn't go to sleep no matter how he tried, so he rose and put on extra clothes, But even then he shivered, and thereafter of course his blankets served no purpose whatever. He and old Jerry were accustomed to sleeping spoon-fashion, and not only did Tom miss those other blankets, but also his ex-partner's bodily heat. He would have risen and re-kindled his campfire had it not been for his reluctance to afford Quirk the gratification of knowing that he was uncomfortable. Some people were just malicious enough to enjoy a man's sufferings.

Well, if he were cold here in this snug shelter, Jerry must be about frozen under his flapping fly. Probably the old fool was too stubborn to whimper; no doubt he'd pretend to be enjoying himself, and would die sooner than acknowledge himself in the wrong. Jerry had courage, that way, but—this would serve him right, this would cure him. Linton was not a little disappointed when the rain continued to hold off.

CHAPTER X.

THE change in the weather had not escaped Pierce Phillips's notice, and before going to bed he stepped out of his tent to study the sky. It was threatening. Recalling extravagant stories of the violence attained by storms in this mountain lake country, he decided to make sure that his boats and cargo were out of reach of any possible danger, and so walked down to the shore.

A boisterous wind had roused Lake Linderman, and out of the inky blackness came the sound of its anger. As Pierce groped

his way up to the nearest skiff he was startled by receiving a sharp challenge in the Countess Courteau's voice.

"Who is that?" she cried.

"It's I, Pierce," he answered quickly. He discovered the woman finally, and approaching closer he saw that she was sitting on a pile of freight, her heels drawn up beneath her and her arms clasped around her knees. "I came down to make sure everything was snug. But what are you doing here?"

She looked down into his upturned face and her white teeth showed a smile. "I came for the same purpose. Now I'm waiting for the storm to break. You can make out the clouds when your eyes grow accustomed—"

"It's too windy. You'll catch cold," he declared.

"Oh, I'm warm, and I love storms!" She stared out into the night, then added: "I'm a stormy creature."

Again he urged her to return to her tent, and in his voice was such genuine concern that she laid her hand upon his shoulder. It was a warm, impulsive gesture, and it betrayed a grateful appreciation of his solicitude; it was the first familiarity she had ever permitted herself to indulge in, and when she spoke it was in an unusually intimate tone. "You're a good friend, Pierce. I don't know what I'd do without you."

Phillips's surprise robbed him momentarily of speech. This woman possessed a hundred moods; a few hours before she had treated him with a cool indifference that was almost studied; now, without apparent reason, she had turned almost affectionate. Perhaps it was the night, or the solitude, that drew the two together; whatever the reason those first few words, that one impulsive gesture, assured Pierce that they were very close to each other, for the moment at least.

"I'm—glad," he said finally. "I wish I were more. I wish—"

"What?" she queried, when he hesitated.

"I wish you *couldn't* do without me." It was out; he realised in a panic that his whole secret was hers. With no faintest intention of speaking, even of hinting at the truth, he had blurted forth a full confession. She had caught him off guard, and like a perfect ass he had betrayed himself. What would she think? How would she take his audacity, his presumption? He was surprised to feel her fingers tighten briefly before her hand was withdrawn.

The Countess Courteau was not offended; had it not been for that pressure upon his shoulder Phillips would have believed that his words had gone unheard, for she entirely ignored them.

"Night! Wind! Storm!" she said, in a queer, meditative tone. "They stir the blood, don't they? Not yours, perhaps, but mine. I was always restless. You see I was born on the ocean—on the way over here. My father was a sailor; he was a stormy-weather man. At a time like this everything in me quickens, I'm aware of impulses I never feel at other times—desires I daren't yield to. It was on a stormy night that the Count proposed to me." She laughed shortly, bitterly. "I believed him. I'd believe anything—I'd do, I'd dare anything—when the winds are reckless." She turned abruptly to her listener and it seemed to him that her eyes were strangely luminous. "Have you ever felt that way?" He shook his head. "Lucky for you; it would be a man's undoing. Tell me, what am I? What do you make of me?" When the young man felt for an answer she ran on: "I'd like to know. What sort of woman do you consider me? How have I impressed you? Speak plainly—no sentiment. You're a clean-minded, unsophisticated boy; I'm curious to hear—"

"I can't speak like a boy," he said gravely, but with more than a hint of resentment in his tone, "for—I'm not a boy. Not any longer."

"Oh, yes, you are! You're fresh and wholesome and honourable and—. Well, only boys are that. What do I seem, to you?"

"You're a chameleon. There's nobody in the world quite like you; why, at this minute you're different even to yourself. You—take my breath—"

"Do you consider me harsh, masculine—?"

"Oh, no!"

"I'm glad of that. I'm not, really. I've had a hard experience, and my eyes were opened early; I know poverty, disappointment, misery, everything unpleasant, but I'm smart, and I know how to get ahead. I've never stood still. I've learned how to fight, too, for I've had to make my own way. Why, Pierce, you're the one man who ever did me an unselfish favour or a real, disinterested courtesy. Do you wonder that I wanted to know what kind of a creature you consider me?"

(To be continued in our next number—
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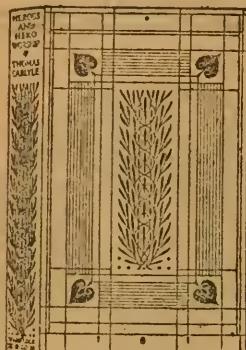
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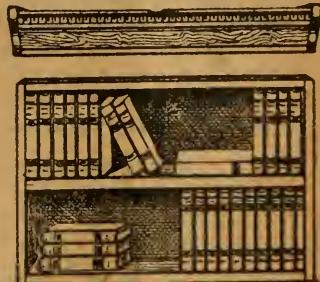
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Aquila	A	A
Arrol-Johnson	A	
Austin (12 cyl.)	BB	A
Balilla	BB	
Berliet	A	
Brush	A	E
B.S.A.		
Bugatti	A	
Cadillac (8 cyl.)	A	
Chalmers (Mod. 6-30)	A	
Chandler Six	A	
Chevrolet	E	
Cisneros	E	
Cord	BB	A
Cougar	E	
Columbia (Detroit)	E	
Daimler	E	BB
Darracq (French)	A	
De Dion	BB	A
Demarne	E	E
Dempster	A	
Dodge	A	
Dort	A	E
Empire (4 cyl.)	A	
Exide	A	
Excalibur	A	
Fairfax	BB	
F.I.A.T.	B	
F.N.M.	BB	
Ford	A	
Giant	E	
Hawkins	A	
Hispans-Suiza	A	
Horchha	A	
Humber	BB	A
Hupmobile	A	
Imperial	A	
Jaguar	A	
Jelley	A	
Jackson	A	
Kelly-Springfield	A	
Locomobile	E	
Lancia	E	
Mars	E	
Meredith	E	
Metalurgique	A	
Miles	A	
Morgan	A	
Mitchell	A	
Napier	A	
National	E	
Oakland	E	
Oldsmobile (8 cyl.)	E	
Overland	A	
Packard (12 cyl.)	E	
Page (6-65)	E	
Pierce Arrow	A	
Poughkeepsie	BB	
Rambler	A	
Renault	A	
Rox	A	
Rolls Royce	A	
Rover	A	
Russell	A	
Saxon	E	
Severin	A	
Swift	A	
Vauxhall	B3	A
White	E	
Winton	A	
Wrigley	A	

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